

WAR SUPPLEMENT.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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No. 343—VOL. XIV.]

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1862.

[SUPPLEMENT WITH
PAPER No. 342.]

PRICE 12 CENTS.

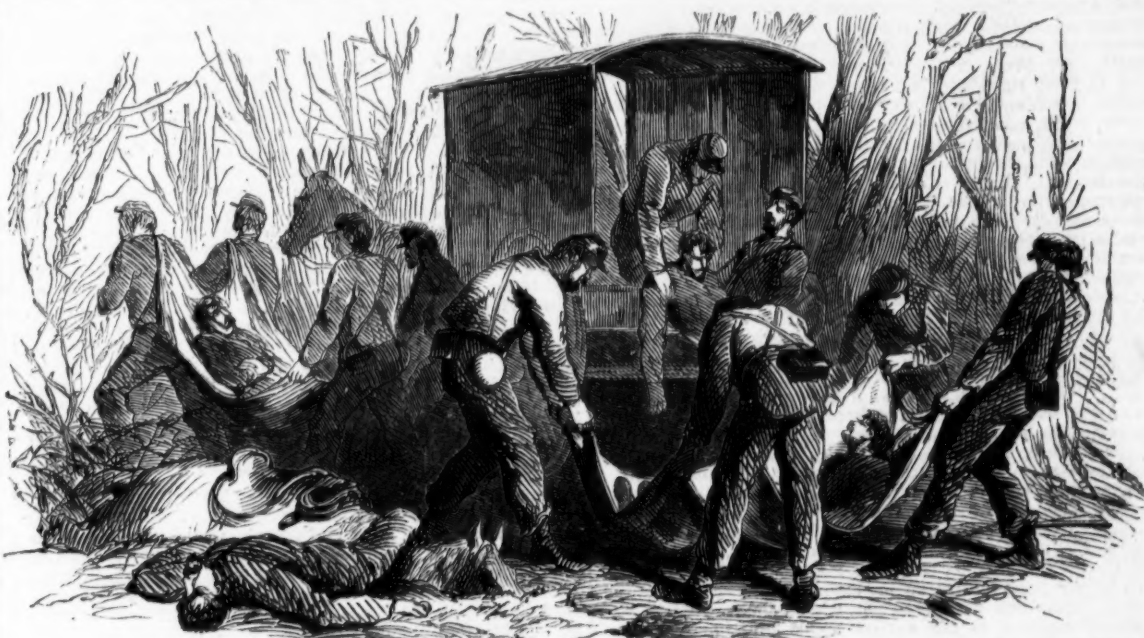
THE GREAT BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

This great battle, extending over the 6th and 7th of April, the greatest as far as numbers are concerned, and the bloodiest ever fought on this continent, is very fully illustrated in our present issue, by our Special Artist, Mr. Henri Lovie, who also furnishes us with a very clear and impartial account of the action both of Sunday and Monday, which we subjoin:

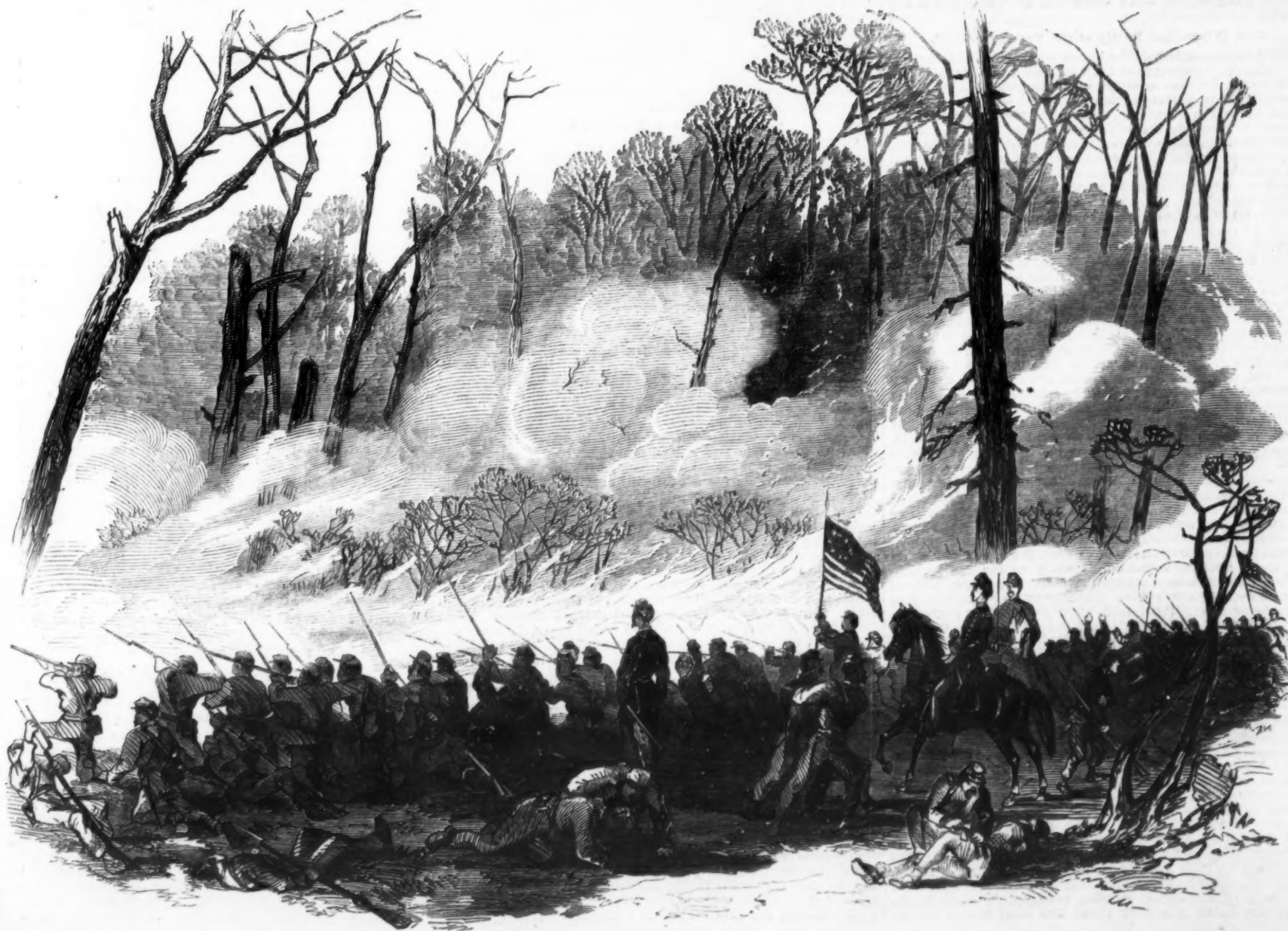
The Battle of Sunday.

Before the enclosed sketches can reach their destination, you will undoubtedly be in possession of carefully compiled and elaborate accounts of the numerous engagements constituting the great battle of Pittsburg. I shall therefore confine myself to a mere outline of the battle, and such details only as will be necessary to explain the sketches and maps enclosed. These sketches I selected from a large number of notes, made in every part of the extensive territory over which the battle raged, with a view of not only putting before your readers the most prominent actions but also of illustrating most effectually the varied characteristics of the fight. I have been laboriously careful in getting the scenery, locality and actions accurate, believing that future events will place this battle amongst the most prominent of the war.

The map of the roads and positions of our camps will greatly facilitate a clear understanding of the events, and a few topographical explanations will be sufficient to acquaint the reader with the battle-grounds. The entire country,



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—GATHERING THE WOUNDED IN BLANKETS AFTER THE BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—LEFT WING—THE WOODS ON FIRE DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 44TH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS ENGAGED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.

between Linn and Snake Creeks, consists of low rolling hills, covered with open timber, perfectly practicable, even for artillery, which can traverse it in every direction without meeting any serious obstacle, the brush and undergrowth being light, except in a few spots. A small number of open fields and log-huts are the only signs of civilization. The descent to the river is sudden, a steep bluff about 70 feet high forms the bank, leaving only space for a single road at its foot, and an opening of about 50 acres, known as Pittsburg Landing.

The map will show the disposition of our forces before the attack, and a reference to it will make the subsequent movements clear.

The enemy advanced on the two branches of the road leading to Corinth, and fell suddenly, and almost simultaneously, on Gen. Prentiss's and Gen. Sherman's divisions, which held these roads, Gen. Prentiss the left and Gen. Sherman the right. Both of these divisions being taken by surprise, evidently on account of a defective system of scouts and pickets, were forced back in disorder, not, however, without making a resistance sufficiently vigorous to alarm the whole camp. Gen. McClelland's division, being encamped close behind Gen. Sherman's, parallel with the Corinth road, had found time, thanks to the stubborn defence of Taylor's battery and others holding a position near Shiloh Church (see Map), to form for battle. Gen. McClelland immediately changed front to meet the advancing enemy, and formed along the cross road leading to Purdy. Gen. Hurlbut rapidly advanced from his position near the river to the front on the left wing, where Col. Stuart, with his brigade, held an isolated position, and closed up the gap along the front, while Gen. Sherman, quickly rallying his men, after falling behind McClelland, appeared on the right of that commander, strengthened by Gen. Smith's division, commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Gen. Hurlbut rallied the remainder of Gen. Prentiss's division on his right, and thus an unbroken battle-line was thrown against the enemy, reaching from Linn Creek on the left to Snake Creek on the right. And thus they fought, disputing every inch of ground, holding positions for three and four hours at a time, gradually and slowly falling back, from morning until night. The details of the brave deeds performed here will fill the newspapers for weeks. The splendid and stubborn defence of our men, and the desperate and determined efforts of the rebels, made the forest resound with the uninterrupted thunder of artillery and unceasing rattle of small arms, which gradually grew nearer and nearer to the river, as the sun went down. Suddenly, at half-past 5 p.m. the cannonading and firing increased. The enemy had met our line of artillery which had been formed on the ridges about one mile from the Landing. Gens. McClelland and Sherman had successfully checked the enemy on the right by a combined effort. Gen. Nelson's division had arrived, crossed the river, and gained a position in front, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of our reanimated soldiers. The gunboats had also opened fire upon the enemy's right wing, which was endeavoring to gain a position on the river bank, and were driving them back in confusion. For an hour there was a most terrific roar of artillery and musketry, when the enemy, foiled in every attempt to break our lines and dismayed by the indomitable perseverance of our troops, fell back, to await the morning to complete his victory. Thus ended this bloody Sunday; the enemy having full possession of our camps, while our little army, or what remained of it, was huddled together in the narrow space remaining, without shelter, without food, in a pelting rain, wearied with their terrible exertions but full of hope, for Buell had finally arrived, bringing fresh troops. Would to God that he had started a day earlier, if he could not have marched a day faster!

Left Wing—The Battle at the Peach Orchard.

On the extreme left of the line of battle, Col. Stuart, with his brigade, consisting of the 55th Illinois, 54th and 71st Ohio regiments, was making a vigorous defence against the rebels, while Gen. Hurlbut advanced with his division to the outer line of the large field, seen in the sketch, and took up a position along the belt of timber through which the rebels advanced in immense numbers, bearing down upon him with infantry and artillery, and forcing him back. Avoiding the open field he fell back in good order on both sides of the opening, and formed again under cover of the rail fence enclosing the field, along the cross road leading to Purdy. His left wing took position in the woods on the left, while his right occupied a line on the other side of the Peach Orchard, and at a horizontal angle of 45 degrees with the line behind the fence. Artillery was posted at intervals, and the infantry ordered to lie down behind the fence and await an attack. The rebels had brought their guns forward to the line of woods previously occupied by our troops, and kept up a continuous fire of shell and shot, doing, however, but little damage. Suddenly their infantry emerged from the thicket, advancing in close column, by division, at double quick, trail arms, charging across the open field a little to the right, and shaping their course towards Gen. Hurlbut's right flank. They came forward in splendid style, and their deep columns threatened our force with annihilation. Gen. Hurlbut ordered his troops to reserve their fire until the enemy had reached a little ridge near the middle of the field, when they opened a most destructive fire upon the rebels with grape and musketry, which forced them to retreat precipitately, after losing between 200 and 300 killed and wounded, which they left on the field. The rebels then closed their ranks and retired in the same order as they advanced. The fight, all along the left wing, was the most bitter and severely contested of the day. The enemy seemed to make particular efforts to force our left and outflank us on the river, but the unflinching bravery of the troops here engaged foiled every attempt and disputed every inch of ground with terrible effect. The woods all along this line were covered with rebel dead. The names of the regiments constituting Gen. Hurlbut's division will be found on the Map.

The Woods on Fire.

Before forming in the position described above, the right wing of Gen. Hurlbut's division stopped the advance of the rebels by a determined defence, along a side road leading through the woods on the right of the field. The 25th and 17th Kentucky, and 44th and 31st Indiana regiments were engaged. By some means the dry leaves and thick underbrush which covers this locality took fire, filling the woods with volumes of smoke, and only discovering the position of the opposing forces to each other by the unceasing rattle of musketry and the whizzing of the bullets. My sketch was taken on the position held by the 44th Indiana regiment, Col. H. B. Reed, the 31st Indiana on their right. Col. Reed's regiment adopted the Zouave tactics, loading on their backs and firing on their knees, pouring incessant volleys through the smoke and fire, and losing only 20 killed and wounded, the balls of the enemy passing mostly over their heads. After the battle was over about 200 dead bodies of the

rebels were found in the brushwood, mostly burnt in a shocking manner. A great many wounded rebels must have lost their lives by the fire.

I regret the necessity of returning my notes of other brave actions on the left wing to my portfolio for future use, but time and space force me to economize, and I must hasten to pay attention to the centre, where our brave soldiers made the forest tremble with their manly defence.

The Centre—Loss of Dresser's Battery.

At Shiloh Church, Taylor's batteries kept the enemy at bay, while Capt. Timony, commanding Dresser's battery, got his six rifled guns in position, under the direction of Major Swartz, in the open field partly occupied by Gen. Oglesby's camp. Half the battery was placed on a ridge near the centre of the field, while the other half held another elevation occupied by Gen. Oglesby's headquarters, and was ordered to throw up breastworks. Both sections bore on the opening where the tragedy I am about to describe soon occurred (see sketch of Gen. McClelland's second line of defence), and had a splendid range for canister and shell. But unfortunately Major Swartz was wounded soon after placing the battery, and had to be carried from the field. Major Taylor, now in command of the artillery in that section, being at the time forced to fall back with his battery of smooth-bore guns, either to gain time or for some other reason, ordered the entire battery of rifled guns to the front, and placed them in the open space close to Gen. McClelland's headquarters, which brought the doomed rifles to within a few hundred yards of the enemy. Capt. Timony was wounded early in the action and carried from the field, but his men fought like tigers. Horses and men dropped on all sides, under the galling fire of the enemy, who nearly surrounded them. The 11th Iowa regiment, which supported them, fought like Iowa men (which I consider is paying them the highest compliment I can), but the overwhelming masses of the enemy pressed closer and closer, and they had to fall back towards the left, leaving the unfortunate Dresser unsupported. These brave soldiers poured another volley into the enemy's ranks, gaining time to limber up at double-quick, and running off two pieces—No. 1, Lieut. Banks, and No. 6, Lieut. Cooper—all the horses of the other four being shot down. They even tried to pull off one gun by hand, but the enemy were within pistol-shot distance, charging down upon them, and they had to abandon the guns. The terrible character of this fight will be better understood from the fact that the engagement only lasted 15 minutes, and that during this short time Dresser's battery lost 48 horses and 30 men killed and wounded, and almost all those who escaped bore off marks of bullets about their uniforms. The road through which they escaped retains strong evidences of the terrible fire which was poured upon them. The woods are completely riddled with balls, trees eight inches in diameter shot down, pieces torn out from their sides, branches and heavy limbs blown into every direction, filling the spectator with wonder how any living being could have escaped destruction.

The Centre—Gen. McClelland's Second Line of Defence.

Gen. McClelland, after maintaining his first position along the Purdy road for a considerable time, found that the enemy were turning his right flank, which was left unprotected, and slowly fell back, in admirable order, until he reached the large field occupied by Gen. Oglesby's brigade, while the artillery and supporting regiments guarded his rear. He disposed his forces at right angles, forming in battle line along the edge of the timber fronting the Purdy road, and towards the right, where the enemy were endeavoring to find an opening. The battle here was fought with extraordinary perseverance and success. McClelland kept this position until 1½ o'clock p.m., charging the enemy twice, and both times regaining the ground around his old camp. After being at last obliged to fall still further back, he defended six different positions and greatly aided in the final check, which the enemy received by a successful repulse of the rebels from his seventh position, where he had joined with Gen. Sherman, who had been fighting on his right with the most distinguished bravery.

The Great Artillery Fight.

Capt. Madison, with three heavy siege guns (two 21-pounders and one 64-pound howitzer), had only lately arrived, and his guns were still on board the transports when the battle began. By the utmost exertions they were taken ashore, and up the hill in the afternoon, while the fight was surging nearer and nearer. He was ordered to Gen. Sherman's division, but no possibility existed to get there in time for service; so, rapidly reconnoitring the locality, he fixed upon a position which commanded the rolling country along the main road, Col. Webster, Chief of Artillery, fully approving his choice. Capt. Silverspaar, with four 20-pound Parrott guns, occupied the ridge to his left, having thrown up a breastwork of cornsacks. Maj. Cavender, commanding the Missouri Artillery, drew his different sections to the same position, and arranged them so that a terrible crossfire would bear on the enemy. At 5½ p.m. the enemy appeared on the ridges in front of this position, and a most deafening cannonade was opened. The roar of artillery was incessant and terrific—no single volleys, but an unbroken line of fire belched forth from the whole front, which the enemy answered with energy, making a desperate effort to force this last line of defence. His infantry appeared, thick as bees, in a ravine, dividing the ridges, evidently preparing for a charge; but a terrific shower of grape from the big siege guns, thrown in that direction, forced them back. The scene was a fearful one; our artillery working with the utmost rapidity, branches torn by the enemy's shots, who fortunately fired too high, flying in every direction; shot and shell rushing through the timber, while the road close by was covered with an inextricable confusion of wagons, ambulances, wounded, stragglers, mules and horses, struggling to gain the transports on the river. The shouts of the men and drivers intermingled their imprecations with the cheers which greeted Nelson's arrival, and the unceasing roar of the guns created a pandemonium of noises which filled the hearts of those in the vicinity with awe.

At 6½ o'clock the enemy fell back, silence reigned—a silence which would be considered on any other occasion a terrific uproar—as the groans and shrieks of wounded and dying filled the air, and all the tumult incident to a disposition of our forces for the night accompanied it.

The Gunboats.

During this time the roar of heavy guns was heard from the river—the gunboats were hard at work. They had slowly steamed up and down the river during the whole day, closely watching the shore in expectation of getting an opportunity to aid the land forces. About 4 o'clock p.m. they discovered the enemy in the second ravine above the Landing, endeavoring to get a battery to the top of the bluff and to gain a position inside our lines. They immediately opened upon them, with splendid effect, from their heavy guns, driving the rebels back in confusion. Having thus

gained a decided knowledge of the enemy's position, they never ceased firing, but threw shell from their long-range pieces over the bluffs and woods into the rebel lines, greatly aiding in the discomfiture of the assailants.

Pittsburg Landing—The Cowards.

While the heroic deeds described above were performing in the front, a far different scene was enacted along the river shore. Soon after the fight had commenced, stragglers came in from all directions, endeavoring to get on board the transports, relating, as usual, the stories of regiments cut up, routs, and terrible disasters. Their hopes of getting on the transports and having them to run off with were, however, sadly disappointed. The class of men constituting the fugitives from the battle-field were by this time pretty well understood, and instead of sympathy and comfort, they met muzzles of revolvers on the gangways of the steamboats, levelled at their cowardly hearts by the men in charge. My illustration of the miserable scene is true to the place where it occurred, and the men who were present may compare it with the other sketches and blush at the contrast.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 10 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

To PUBLISHERS.—Serial publications of any kind sent to this paper for notice will receive no attention unless sent regularly.

Our "Specials" in the South-West.

THE illustrations of the battle of Pittsburg Landing by our Special Artist, Mr. Henri Lovie, have a special and enduring interest and value, heightened and increased by his own clear and graphic account of the battle which we publish in this week's issue. Referring to the latter, he says in a private letter, "I commenced on the extreme left wing, and visited every division, obtained guides, listened to all stories from all sides, and made upwards of 20 local sketches of positions and scenery, including all the battle-grounds—for there were many—and send them to you in something like their logical and chronological relation, a task of no little difficulty, where nobody knows what was done by anybody else. You will notice that no comprehensive account of the battle has yet been published, although the correspondents of the *Tribune* and *Herald* are working on a similar plan with myself, and will, in a short time, present a digested and rational account of the whole affair. * * * I shall not annoy you with a detail of my *petites misères*, but believe me, I have never encountered so many and great difficulties since I joined McClelland's army in Western Virginia, now nearly a year ago. Riding from 10 to 15 miles daily, through mud and underbrush, and then working until midnight by the dim light of an attenuated tallow 'dip,' are among the least of my *désagréments* and sorrows. To use an indigenous but expressive phrase, I am nearly 'played out,' and as soon as Pittsburg is worked up, and Corinth settled, I must beg a furlough for rest and repairs. I am deranged about the stomach, ragged, unkempt and unshorn, and need the conjoined skill and services of the apothecary, the tailor and the barber, and above all the attentions of home and the cheerful prattle of children, who, by this time, would almost have forgotten that they had a father, were it not that they hear his name, morn and eve, in the orisons which arise for his safety from the fervent lips of 'the Old Folks at Home!'"

From all this it will be seen that our Specials are scarcely less facile with the pen than with the pencil.

Our Artist in the Gulf, who by this time, we hope, is taking his "café noir" on the corridor of the St. Charles in New Orleans, and from whose pencil our readers may soon expect to be edified and history illustrated—we have letters up to the 10th of April, from which we make a single extract:

"The correspondent of the *Boston Journal* and myself are ashore in a cottage at Pilot-town, of which I send you a sketch. We were only able to buy the rag-ends of the sutler's stores on board ship—no flour, or sugar, or meal, only preserved meats and 'stuff' that needs no cooking. Our diet therefore is simple, if not cheap, consisting of hard ship biscuit—which we beg of the marines opposite—harder salt tongue, and coffee without milk or sugar. Add to this, that we have to take a big dose of quinine every morning to keep off the fever; that sandflies and mosquitoes are abundant and of gigantic size; that our sleeping arrangements imply no blankets, which I neglected to bring and which I cannot buy; imagine all this and more, and you will form some notion of the delights of a 'Special Artist' off the mouth of the Mississippi. But they say there are 'good things' in New Orleans, notwithstanding the blockade, whereof your 'Special' hopeth to partake right speedily—and will!"

Men and Things in Washington.

THE special American correspondent of the *London Spectator*, writing from Washington under date of the 17th of March, takes a very judicious, and, in the main, a correct view of men and things in the Capitol. He describes Mr. Lincoln as "a shrewd, hard-headed, self-educated man, with sense enough to perceive his own deficiencies, but without the instructive genius which supplies the place of learning." He thinks that the President is an honest man, but remarks truly that, although "an honest man may be the noblest work of God, he is by no means the noblest product of humanity." The disposition of the President he conceives to be a sombre one, but "coupled with a rich fund of dry American humor, not inconsistent with habitual melancholy," and coupled also with "an extraordinary talent for

warding off unpleasant questions by turning them into jokes." Of this last tendency or talent the special correspondent relates several illustrations, as follows:

"Not long ago an old acquaintance called upon him, and, after American fashion, asked him in the course of conversation why, when he turned out Mr. Cameron, he did not turn out the rest of his Cabinet. 'Well,' the President answered, 'that reminds me of a farmer down in Illinois, who was annoyed by skunks and set a trap to catch them; he caught nine and killed the first, but that one made such an infernal stench he let the rest go.' Again, at the first council of war held after the President assumed the command-in-chief of the army, Gen. McClellan did not attend, and excused himself next day by saying he had forgotten the appointment. 'Ah, now,' remarked Mr. Lincoln, 'I recollect once being engaged in a case for rape, and the counsel for the defence asked the woman why, if, as he had said, the rape was committed on a Sunday, she did not tell her husband till the following Wednesday, and when the woman answered that she had happened to forget it, the case was dismissed.' When the rebel armies were closely beleaguering Washington, two gentlemen insisted late one night on seeing the President, to inform him of a plot they had discovered on the part of some Government officials for communicating with the enemy. The President listened attentively to their story, which was of the *gobemotele* order, and on inquiring what remedy they proposed, was informed, after some hesitation, that the best remedy would be to replace the disaffected officials by loyal men. 'Ah, gentlemen,' burst in the President, 'I see, it is the same old, old con; why could you not tell me at once you wanted an office, and save your own time as well as mine?'"

The correspondent is struck with the fact that the composition of the Cabinet seems to have been made with the purpose of bringing into it as much diversity of thought and feeling as possible, and not with a view of promoting unity, and pronounces it composed of incongruous if not openly hostile characters, Seward antagonistic to Chase, Blair against Cameron, with a filling in of neutrals like Welles and Smith. Mr. Seward's diplomacy, the correspondent tells us, "is admitted by all intelligent Americans to have been a failure." Mr. Chase is "a man of undoubted ability, and more respected in his private character than any of his colleagues, but lacks the audacity necessary for a financier in times of revolution." Mr. Blair is simply an able politician, and Mr. Stanton the rising star.

Of Gen. McClellan, "the reason for whose appointment to the command of the army is a matter of mystery," the correspondent adds:

"Previous to his appointment he was hardly known out of a small military circle, where he had a considerable reputation as an active, intelligent officer. I gather the truth to be—that, like the President, he owes his success to his want of note. After the battle of Bull Run everybody was so disheartened and dejected that, like drowning men, they caught at a straw. Every General in the field had proved, more or less, a failure. Gen. Scott, on his retirement, proposed the name of McClellan. Nothing was known against him, and he was chosen for want of a better. Luckily for him he shared in the revolution of popular feeling. As the dismay that followed Manassas passed away, and the North awoke to the consciousness that it was still powerful, if not invincible, the young General, who had been appointed at the darkest hour of the Republic, was regarded as the future saviour of the country. It would have been such a godsend for the North to discover a young Napoleon that the wish was father to the thought, and the nation made up their minds that McClellan was the Heaven-born General. It is possible that the nation may have been right; but as yet McClellan has given no proof of his genius. During his command a powerful army has been created, but whether its creation is due to him, or to his subordinate Generals, or to the almost unguided energy of the people, time alone can prove. For seven long dreary months the nation has shown unbounded confidence in the 'masterly inaction' which has characterized McClellan's policy; but there is a limit to human patience. Even the President's faith has been shaken; and it is in obedience to his remark, 'that if McClellan could not advance, he must get a General who could,' that the advance has been made at last. Unless within a very short time McClellan can show, by practical evidence, that the retreat of the insurgent army from Manassas was a part of his strategy, and not an accident for which he was unprepared, there will be an end of his command."

We give these quotations as the opinions and deductions of an intelligent foreigner, writing without passion and with a friendly interest. They contrast strongly with the often false and reckless statements and the prejudiced observations of such fellows as the "late Russell" of the London *Times*.

Rebel "Victories."

THE mendacity of Beauregard is a thing only equalled by his impudence, and the latter is illimitable. Thus, after his defeat at Pittsburg Landing, he telegraphed to the rebel Secretary of War that he had "gained a great and glorious victory;" and on the same day wrote to Gen. Grant, begging permission to visit the battle-field, from which he had been driven, for the purpose of burying his dead! Apparently conscious that such a request is not of the kind usually proceeding from a victorious to a vanquished General, he explains to Gen. Grant that "owing to the heavy reinforcements you received Sunday night and Monday, and the fatigue of my men, I deemed it prudent to retire and not renew the battle." This is only paralleled by the letter of Gen. Buckner to Gen. Grant at Fort Donelson, when the latter required his immediate and unconditional surrender. "Notwithstanding," said Buckner, "the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, I am compelled to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose!"

Certainly these Southern leaders are not to be judged by ordinary standards. Buckner is brilliantly successful, and yet surrenders! Beauregard, too, "gains a complete victory," but "deems it prudent to retire," and then sends a letter to his conquered foe, soliciting the privilege of burying his own dead! Pakenham gained a similar victory at New Orleans, and so did Provost at Plattsburg! How many more such will it take to secure "Southern Independence?"

The American Armies.

THE London *Times*, forced to restrain its sneers at the bravery and "pluck" of the National volunteers, by the inexorable evidence of test, and by that of a dozen hard-fought battle-fields, now develops its malignity and hate in the form of a general libel on the intelligence of our soldiers. It claims for the English soldiers more "genuine patriotism, durable stamina and solid information." This is simply ludicrous to those who know what a pig-headed, abjectly ignorant and stupidly conceited agglomeration of officers and men compose the British army. When we reflect that of all the men who are married in England, more than one-third, as is proved by the registrar's returns, can neither read nor write, and that nearly one-half of the females are in the same unhappy state of ignorance, we may reasonably infer that a like proportion holds in the British army. This is disagreeable fact No. 1. As regards the "British Volunteers," that awkward collection of "muffs" and clerks, about which the *Times* has bragged itself red in the face, and of which a very large proportion withdrew from the organization, at the mere prospect of a war with the United States

consequent on the Trent affair—as regards this bow-legged, ungainly, and "kale" imbibing body of warriors, we have definite information, and can fix their intellectual standard with entire accuracy. In Parliament, the other day, during a debate on the Revised Code of Education, Earl Granville, while illustrating by fair samples the gross ignorance prevalent even among those classes commonly a little schooled, spoke as follows: "In a militia regiment, wholly composed of young men, thirty-one and a-half per cent. could not read at all, and as many more could only read the easiest lessons."

In Holland and other countries a large proportion of young recruits can read, write and cipher correctly, and it is a disgrace to England that such an enormous number of children should leave school without any adequate knowledge."

In our own armies, taking the "foreign element" into account also, we find that there are but 55 in a thousand who cannot write—that is to say but about five per cent., of which a majority owe their lack of education to the repressive system of England herself. Compare this with the 31½ per cent. which Earl Granville admits is an average among the "bold British Volunteers." Taking the whole of the Free States together, the native population over 20 years of age shows only about four per cent. who cannot both read and write. In New England the proportion is less than one-third of one per cent. In England and Wales the proportion is nearly 40 per cent.—almost one-half. "Comment is unnecessary."

"London Assurance."

It will be remembered that some time ago, when the rebellion was rather more promising than now, it was reported that Mr. Bourcicault had raised the "rebel rag" over his theatre, the New Adelphi, in London, in place of the "Stars and Stripes." This report provoked some comment in this country (to which Mr. Bourcicault owes whatever of success he enjoys in life), whereupon he wrote a letter to the *Herald*, pronouncing the "statement untrue from beginning to end—a pure invention." The value of Mr. Bourcicault's word will appear from the following extract from a letter from Mr. James Lesley, Jun., late Chief Clerk in the War Department, and now U. S. Consul at Nice:

"Upon my way to Nice, I passed the 3d, 4th and 5th days of December in London. On the morning of the 3d December (one week after the news of the Trent seizure reached England), while passing down the Strand, I observed, over the facade of the New Royal Adelphi Theatre, two distinct flagstaffs, standing out perpendicularly from the building. A United States flag was attached to one of the flagstaffs, being wound round upon and secured tightly to it by a cord running spirally from end to end. To the other flagstaff, placed above the one described, was a new large-sized rebel flag hung defiantly and broadly to the breeze."

"This spectacle, occurring as it did in such a thoroughfare as the Strand, and at such a time of excitement, attracted universal attention, and excited the indignation of every true American in London. This performance was repeated on the 4th and 5th December, to my own knowledge, as I saw it with my own eyes. Whether it was continued any longer I cannot say, as I left London on the 6th of December."

"The contemptible subterfuge of Mr. Bourcicault's card is transparent enough in view of the real circumstances of the case. He simply denies having raised the Confederate flag over the stage of the Adelphi Theatre. He denies what was never asserted. He does not deny having raised it over the front of the theatre. He dare not deny the facts given above, unless he covets the unenviable reputation of a deliberate falsifier. Should he visit the United States again, it is to be hoped that this compliment to the national ensign may not go unremembered by an appreciative public."

The Surprise at Pittsburg Landing.

GEN. HALLECK has recommended Gen. W. T. Sherman to the Secretary of War as deserving to be created Major-General, for having "saved the fortunes of the day" at Pittsburg Landing, on the 6th of April. If by Gen. Sherman's valor and generalship it was saved, by whose negligence and incompetence was it so nearly lost? The correspondent of the *World*, writing from Pittsburg Landing, April 21st, answers the question as follows:

"Our frightful conflict had no sooner ceased than the whole army rang with the exultant question, 'What will Grant say about the surprise?' As time elapsed curiosity increased—it became intense, high, hot, or my ears are at fault. The question is answered. Gen. Grant has spoken. His 'official report' lies under my left hand. The word 'surprise' does not occur in it. Major-General Grant's army wakes up at dawn to find another army at its bedside with uplifted dagger, and its Commander-in-Chief ten miles away, and Major-General Grant disposes of this astounding and appalling fact in this baker's dozen of words: 'On Sunday morning our pickets were attacked and driven in by the enemy.' 'Pickets'! Where and how many were the 'pickets'? A rebel soldier assures me that he lay upon his arms during Saturday night within an eighty of a mile of our tents, and that through the first daylight of the Sabbath he saw our soldiers in bed and at breakfast. But can it be any problem or puzzle to determine where that army of assassins spent the night of Saturday in order to be where it was on Sunday morning?"

"I do not know Gen. Grant. I have no personal prejudice against him. I do not know his pedigree or politics, his antecedents or his native State. I only feel, most deeply and sadly feel, that Gen. Grant is guilty, before these fresh graves and the families they afflict, before his country and his God, of a negligence, an inefficiency, an imbecility that has no parallel in this war, and none that I can recall from the annals of war."

"The 'official report' may omit the ominous and odious word, but none is so prevalent and familiar at this moment and this place. None will have a more baneful perpetuity. So long as our resplendent victory at Shiloh is remembered to the honor of our arms, so long will the word 'surprise' be associated with it to the disgrace of their Commander-in-Chief."

GREAT GUNS.—We are all agog now about big guns. Three of 15-inch bore have lately been cast at Pittsburg. In this we are going back to old times, when "monster guns" were common. They were made generally of bronze, and were intended for throwing stone balls. Many such guns, of calibres varying from 16 to 30 inches, are still mounted in the forts of the Dardanelles, and furnished with their supply of stone shot. They are usually fixed in the wall, on slides which allow no lateral change of direction and little change of elevation, being arranged to throw their shot into a vessel as she passes a certain line across the channel. A good specimen of one of the largest pieces of this kind is the great gun of the Kremlin in Moscow. It has a calibre of 4,333 pounds, is 36 inches diameter of bore, about 48 inches exterior diameter, and 18 feet long. Its weight is 97,500 pounds. Its stone ball would weigh about 2,500 pounds, and a solid iron shot 6,000 pounds; the chamber of the gun is large enough to contain 500 pounds of powder. The gun has no trunnions, but has six handles, three on each side. An inscription on it shows that it was made at Moscow, by Andrew Tchokoff, in the year 7,094, being the third year of the reign of Theodore Ivanowitch, which corresponds with the year 1586 of the Christian era. In 1532 a "monster mortar," of 24-inch bore, was made at Liege for the siege of Antwerp. It would doubtless have taken the city, but unfortunately burst after a few rounds. In 1556 an attempt was made in Liverpool to make a 36-inch mortar, and the same house constructed a 13-inch wrought-iron gun, which succeeded well on trial. This gun was constructed after the model of a 12-inch gun made at the same establishment for the United States, under the direction of Com. Stockton, and which is still lying at Brooklyn Navy Yard, having never been tried. Two of the 15-inch guns referred to, as having been cast at Pittsburg, are at Fortress Monroe. The third is not yet quite ready. The rough casting in the pit weighs about 78,000 pounds, and nearly 40 tons of metal were melted for it in three furnaces. The furnaces were fired about five o'clock, and at eight minutes past ten the first furnace was "tapped."

A line of troughs or "runners" had been laid from the furthest furnace some 80 feet, the second furnace, about midway, joining in, and the two streams, emptying, with that from the first furnace, into a large cauldron at the edge of the pit, from which two streams diverged, and, passing around the pit, emptied into the gun on opposite sides of the core barrel. The furnaces were tapped in succession, and nearly all the metal allowed to run out before the next in order was opened. At 24 minutes past ten the mould was filled, in just 16 minutes from the opening of the first furnace, showing that the metal must have poured into it at the rate of nearly two and a half tons per minute. *Appropos* of all this, the *Pittsburg Chronicle* tells us that "the Navy Department has ordered the casting of 50 15-inch Dahlgrens at the Fort Pitt Works, in this city. The draughts for the moulds, etc., have been prepared by Capt. Dahlgren, and it is understood that the guns will be much shorter and thicker than 15-inch Rodman gun. Most of them will be smooth bored, and are designed for use on board the new vessels, of the Monitor style, and others, whose construction has been already directed by Secretary Welles. These guns will weigh, in the rough, over 70,000 pounds each, and will carry a ball weighing over 300 pounds. They will doubtless be ready by the time the vessels for which they are intended are completed."

CORRUPTION IN ENGLAND.—Sir Thomas G. Hesketh was lately elected member of the House of Commons, for the borough of Preston, at a cost to himself of \$60,000. This money was chiefly spent in bribes. It is a notorious fact that more than half of the limited electoral body goes with the highest bidder, and the other half under coercion of landlords or patrons.

GEN. ANDREW JOHNSON, Military Governor of Tennessee, has quietly notified the Directors of the State Bank of Tennessee, who handed over the assets of that institution to the rebel leaders, that they will be held individually responsible for every cent of interest the State had in it. They are very sorrowful, for many of them have great possessions.

A NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC will be shortly built in this city a little above Union place. The building, which will cost about \$100,000, will seat 1,600 persons, and the interior tiers will be divided into boxes to seat four persons each, in the European style. Stores will occupy the lower part of the building, the owners desiring to make it as near self-sustaining as possible. It will be principally devoted to opera.

ONE PEOPLE.—The Louisville *Journal*, in a long article upon the subject of a division of the Union, closes with the following forcible sentences: "We acquired Louisiana because we were resolved that the Lower Mississippi should not be possessed and controlled by any other Government than our own, and beyond all question we are still more deeply resolved upon this now than we were then. So long as our people, the people of the mighty West and North-West, have the strength to strike a blow, they will never consent to any treaty of peace placing the Lower Mississippi under a foreign sovereignty. In fact, there is no earthly truth more certain, more indisputable, than that, however desolating and terrible the war may be, there can never be peace in this country until what was one country shall be again one country. It may be a republic, it may be a kingdom, it may be a despotism, it must and will be one. The whole people North and South may as well make up their minds to that at once."

"THE NEW ERA."—This is the title of a little paper, published weekly at Key West. It is the successor of another, not much larger than itself, lately published by a Secessionist who has "skedaddled," and entitled *The Key of the Gulf*. As the new paper is edited by Mr. Locke, this gentleman congratulates his local readers that they have had both Locke and Key—not a brilliant witticism, but fair for the latitude. The editor explains that the dimensions of his sheet are not great—"the stock of paper being small, and the type large." His motto is:

"In Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
And live and thrive in Dixie!"

THE JAPS.—The Japanese have sent an Embassy to France. It reached Paris on the 7th of April. They excited a great deal of curiosity at Marseilles and Lyons, in each of which towns they spent a day. The Embassy is far less numerous than had been stated, and seems to be altogether inferior to that which visited our own country two years ago.

THE resolution of the Maryland Legislature appropriating \$7,000 for the relief of the families of the soldiers killed and wounded in the 19th of April riot was read in the Massachusetts Legislature on the 23d of April, and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. It was received with hearty applause.

VOLUNTEERING AND CONSCRIPTION.—The last act of the rebel Congress was to order a sweeping conscription. Simultaneously the National Government ordered a cessation of voluntary enlistments. The one drives the people to arms at the point of the bayonet; the other has to shut the door upon the throng who insist on serving the country. No illustration of the relative strength of the parties to the struggle could be more instructive.

CONFISCATION OF NEGROES.—Gen. Hunter has begun to issue free papers to the negroes, entitled under the act of Congress to their freedom by virtue of services compulsorily rendered to the rebels. Printed forms are prepared, requiring only to be filled with the name of the former slave and the signature of the General Commanding who emancipates him. The following is a copy of the first:

"It having been proved, to the entire satisfaction of the General Commanding the Department of the South, that the bearer, WILLIAM JENKINS, heretofore held in involuntary servitude, has been directly employed to aid and assist those in rebellion against the United States of America;

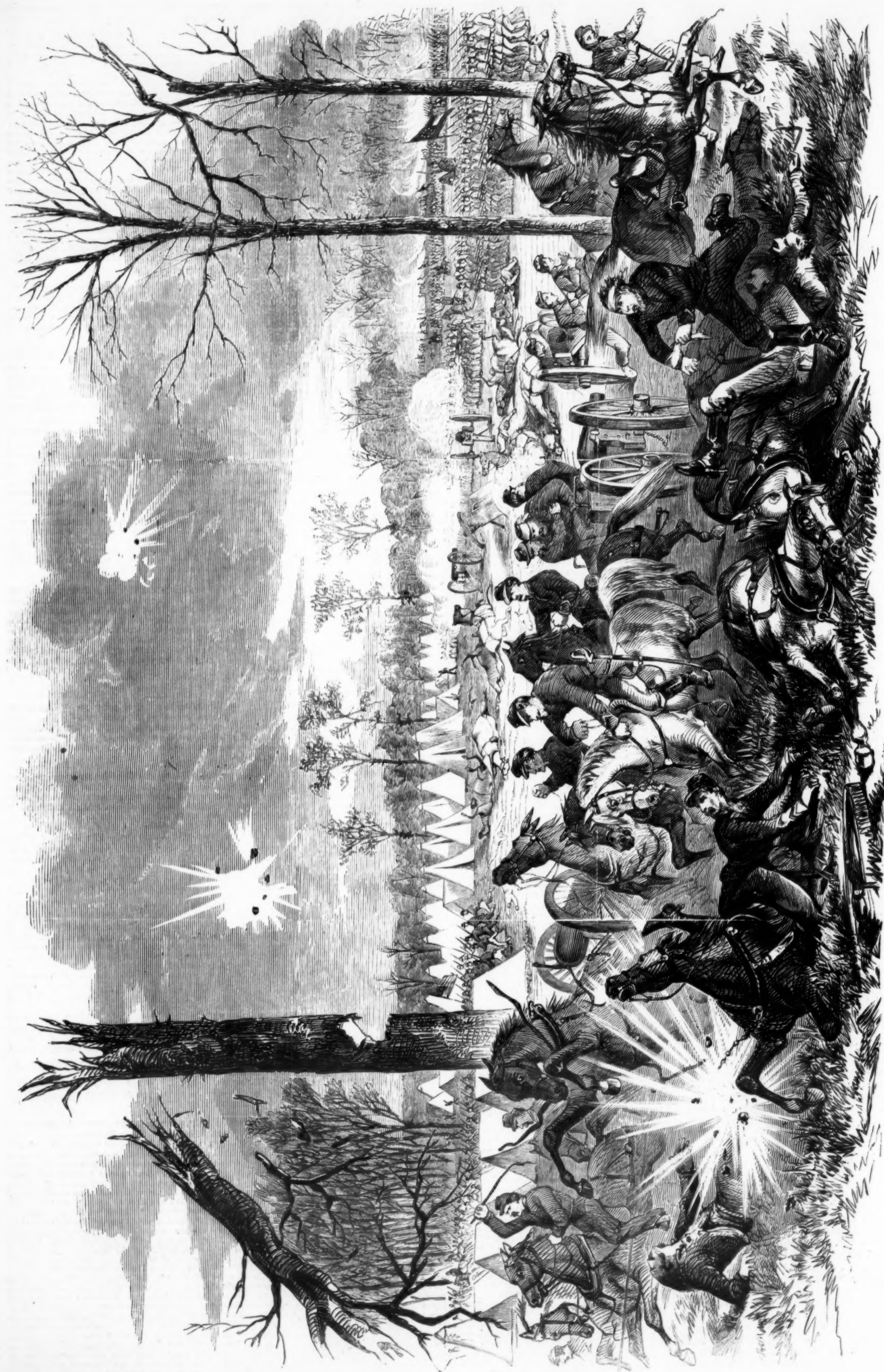
"Now, he it known to all that, agreeably to the laws, I declare the said person free, and for ever absolved from all claims to his services. Both he and his wife, and children, have full right to go north, south, east or west as they may decide."

"Given under my hand, at the headquarters of the Department of the South, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1862."

"D. HUNTER, Major-General Commanding."

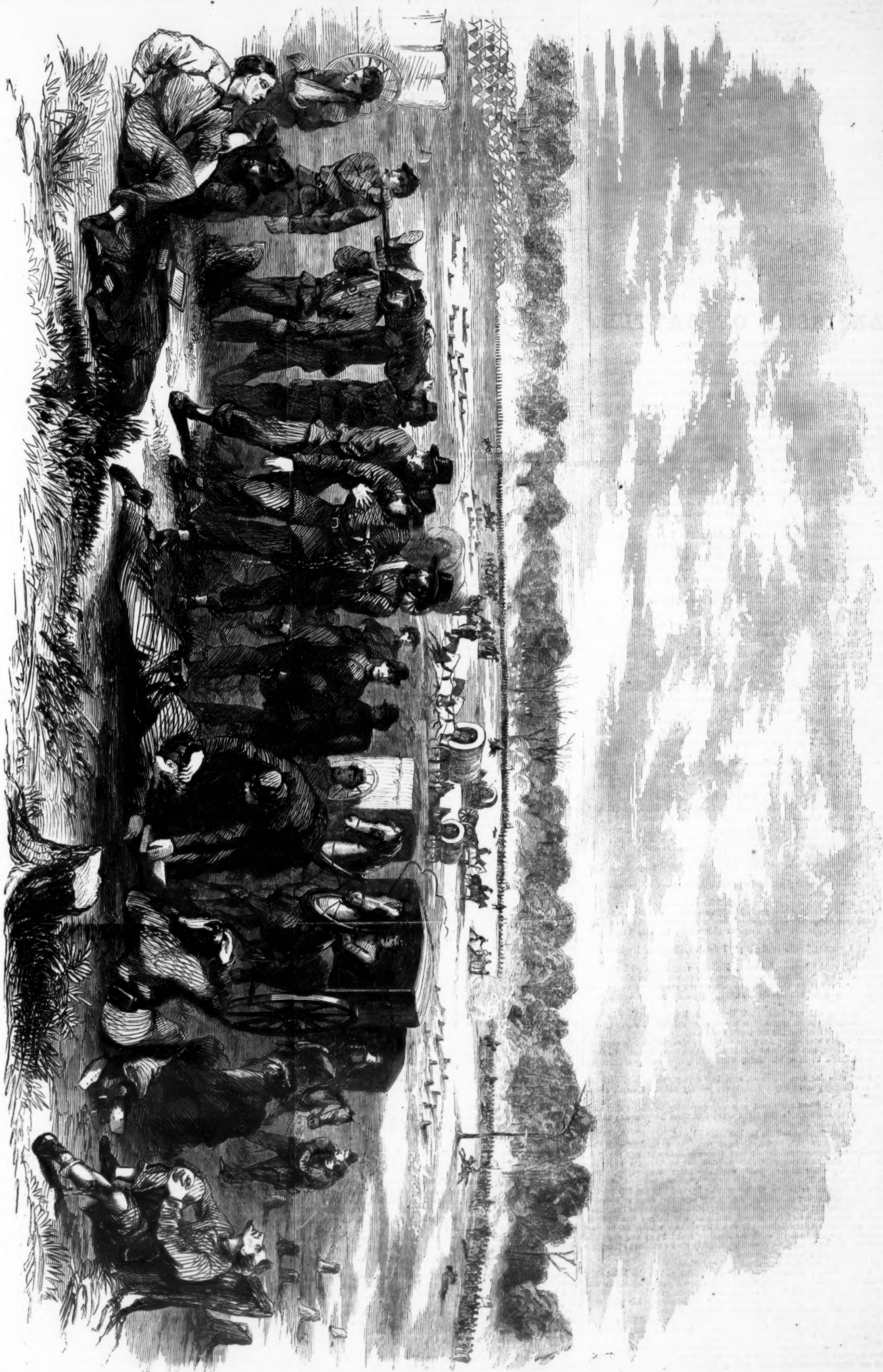
LORD HARDWICKE said the other day in Parliament that "the time would arrive when a ship would be fought by an engineer, a stoker and an artilleryman."

INTERCEPTED REBEL CORRESPONDENCE.—Among other things on board the captured rebel steamer Calhoun was a large number of letters relating to the rebellion, from the "Confederate Commissioners" in Europe, besides a quantity of communications received by them from their friends and sympathizers, revealing many of the secrets, straits and shifts of their writers. Nearly all of these describe themselves as "hard up," and disgusted with bankers who won't advance on their drafts; but still, like Micawber, confident that something will turn up to their own benefit and that of "the cause." There are profane letters from Mr. Beverly Tucker, Buchanan's defaulting Consul in Liverpool, and also pitiful letters from Mr. Robert Hutchinson, of London, who wants to find out the address of Mr. T. Butler King—one of the Commissioners—with a view of arresting him for debt. There is also a letter, or a copy of one, from Mr. King himself, to Earl Russell recommending the appointment of Mr. Crawford, the Secession-loving British Consul-General in Havana, as English Minister to Richmond—a bold suggestion under all the circumstances. But stranger of all is a letter from Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, a gentleman well-known in this city, lately our Minister to Portugal. He writes from Lisbon to Mr. King, complaining of poverty, but professing the extreme devotion to the rebellion, and offering to go to London as its advocate, provided he be furnished with funds to do so. Those who remember this gentleman as an anti-slavery writer will think it strange to find him offering to justify negro slavery; and those who read his hopes for the success of the rebels will wonder why, only two months before the date of his letter, he wrote and sent to the *National Intelligencer's* patriotic Union ode, published in that journal of May 21st. We suspect that Mr. O'Sullivan will not find it conducive to his health to return to New York.



Gen. McClelland's Headquarters.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LAI DING—RETREAT OF DRESSER'S BATTERY, CAPT. TIMONY, CENTRE OF NATIONAL POSITION, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 6—FIVE MEN AND 48 HORSES KILLED.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE



Camp of Gen. Oglesby's Brigade. 18th Illinois. 3rd Indiana. McClernand's Headquarters. Rebel Batteries in play. 49th Ill. 17th Ill. 43rd Ill. 48th Ill. 20th Ill. 11th Ill. Sutter's House. 11th Iowa. THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—CENTRE—DESPERATE DEFENCE OF GEN. MCCLEARNAND'S SECOND LINE, BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOYD.

A LITTLE MORE.

(At Thirty.)

A hundred dollars I have saved—
A rather moderate store—
No matter: I shall be content
When I've a little more.

(At Forty.)

Well, I can count ten thousand now—
That's better than before;
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

(At Fifty.)

Some fifty thousand—pretty well—
But I have earned it sore;
However, I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

(At Sixty.)

One hundred thousand—sick and old—
Ah! life is half a bore;
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more!

(At Seventy.)

He dies—and to his greedy heir
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—
And very little more.

[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

AN ISSUE OF BATTLE.

NOT REPORTED HITHERTO.

THE year 1861 is dead and buried. Many people may be glad thereof. It brought to blossom a red flower, whose seed was sown by Christopher Columbus. Britain cherished it, and the Republic, generous to madness, built for it a hothouse; so it grew, the poisonous weed—and flourished in true tropical style, till the noxious odor was blown over all the earth. What has that to do with Jessie Cambell? What has a nation in arms to do with a young woman working in the Mint? It is precisely the thing I have set out to tell.

One day last summer there was exceeding consternation felt among the girls employed in the room of weights. Jessie Cambell, who for twelve years had been known as an expert at the business of ascertaining fluctuations of the scale before which she sat day after day, now, for the first time in her life, endured an accusation.

When Mr. Wilson came and told her of the discrepancy found in their accounts, she sat in her place three minutes, like a statue. Then, with a struggle, she said,

"I do not understand you. Nobody thinks I ever carried gold out of this Mint that wasn't stamped, and paid me for my work."

She didn't speak with a low voice; they all heard her round about. She was too much amazed to perceive that Mr. Wilson had addressed her in an undertone, with a strange reliance on her power of self-possession.

Before he could reply, with a flash of eye and hand, she brought out a little bank-book from her pocket.

"There's gold!" she exclaimed, looking around, with such a trouble in her blue eyes as thrilled one to see. "They think it's lost by me!"

But there she stopped—seemed to forget what she had purposed—drew her hand slowly across her eyes—"No, Jessie, this is not a dream!"

When, a moment after, she again looked round the room, she saw that Thomas Johnson had come in. He was looking for Mr. Wilson. It might have been supposed that he had come on business of his own, for Johnson was an engraver employed in the Mint; but nobody did conjecture thus. Jessie, and the rest, supposed that Mr. Wilson's errand here had something to do with his unexpected appearance.

The instant Johnson perceived Jessie Cambell standing before Mr. Wilson, he was also impressed by the general consternation of the place. There was no room for him here. He turned about, and would have gone away; but just then Jessie's hand was lifted. She beckoned him back. He might have told you that he did not see, but was nevertheless promptly aware of the appeal.

Up the room he came again, and, as he came, Emma, too—his cousin, Emma Brooks, he saw, had also dropped her work, and shared in the excited feeling that was paramount here.

"What is it?" he asked, looking at Jessie.

"Gold is missed out of what I had to weigh; they think I've robbed the Mint!"

Hard words to utter; yet how she did utter them—coolly—coldly—almost with scorn.

"We don't know it happened," Mr. Wilson hastened to say; "but twice we have received less from Jessie than was given her to weigh. We did not mean the discrepancy should be made public; but only asked an explanation. We thought she might be able to give it easily."

"But I cannot," answered she; "I don't understand it—how can I explain?"

"Then," said Thomas Johnson, looking round him with amazement, as if he would take cognizance of every soul in the room, "if there's a girl in the room on whom the shadow of suspicion will refuse to light, it's Jessie Cambell. Nobody in the world can believe this!"

Mr. Wilson did not look as if he doubted the assertion in the least; he looked more like a man who was convicted of some great bumbling in performing the duty of a detective.

Jessie's path was now quite clear to her. Johnson's words seemed to set her right, not only with the Mint, but with the world. Giving her bank-book to him, she said, with voice, how changed from its usual tone,

"Take this for me, Thomas, and bring as much as Mr. Wilson says is missing; some day I'll have the money back. I don't need it now!"

Tom took the book without a word, evidently thinking that her action in the matter was the right one; but then he paused; there were others to be consulted.

Mr. Wilson understood his hesitation, and said, "It shall be as you wish; we have no right to meddle with the Government's property. Jessie may consider that she has made a loan. Let the real cause of this disturbance be brought to light, she shall have her money back, with the interest accruing. We miss fifty dollars!"

Jessie Cambell returned to her work; by-and-bye the fair young face began to recover its composure. Only now and then it seemed her eyes could not discern with their accustomed clearness the hairbreadth fluctuations of the scale, and she was longer than usual in ascertaining underweights. It was not, on the whole, to be accounted a profitable day's work for Jessie. But let any one reweigh what she has once approved—with precisely that exactness has her twelve years' work been performed.

At night this young woman said to her father, "There's been a dreadful scene for an honest girl in the Mint this afternoon; money lost there, father! I haven't got as much in the bank to-night as I had this morning, into fifty dollars!"

"What's that?" asked Peter Cambell, laying down his pipe and looking at his daughter in a startled, frightened way.

They were resting from their labors in the porch of the cottage they had occupied together twenty years. This was a song for Rest.

"What's that?" he looked and trembled.

When Jessie began to enter her earnings in the Savings' Bank what a proud day was that! for it proved that the end for which they had so long worked together was at last secured. The place they

lived in was now paid for by their joint endeavor, as, ten years ago (when she was ten years old), the child had prophesied it would be! So blessed of God, they had worked together that now there was no mortgage on house or land; no man had a claim on the fruits of the great garden from which the city market was enriched.

Well, now, what was it Jessie had to tell? He bent to hear, and trembled, though his daughter was to speak.

"There's been money lost," said she; "gold on weight out of my allotment. It fell short. It has more than once. How long I don't know. I can't pretend to understand it. But they seem to have been watching me!"

She had finished; there was, plainly, nothing more for her to tell. "God!" cried the old man, looking wildly at his daughter, pierced in his inmost heart.

She laid her hand on his. Light though the touch was, it controlled him.

"No, no!" she said, as if to soothe and assure him. But her voice had not the power to quite clear his eyes of doubt.

"You couldn't think I did it! Nobody did. I was wonderfully helped through it, father."

"Through it! out of it? Are you out of it? They've discovered the thief, have they? Who?"

"No, nothing is known yet, or suspected, I should think. Such a thing never happened before, as I heard of. Who could lay it to any of these girls?"

"Except Jessie!"

"Mr. Johnson—I mean Tom, Emma's cousin—came in while Mr. Wilson stood there," said Jessie, making haste with her story—"so there was more to tell. He took my book for me, and brought the money from the bank, that I could pay it, till—there's the way it stands."

"Where is Tom! Who's got that gold? How'll the thing ever be found? Oh, Jess!"

No rest for that old man till the shame should be blotted out; no other confidence till this should be restored.

"You're going on with the Mint then! Will they—will they—let you?"

Doubting all, and even her!

"Of course, father!"

"Then they want you! They didn't, didn't seem wishful to be rid of you!"

Oh, the look of those old eyes!

"Why, father, do you think they could believe it?"

"They charged her with it: they took her money!"

The old man looked away; he dared not directly address his daughter with such words as these.

"But I'm to keep on with my work, of course."

Patient still—yet bitter and hot tears began to fall.

"Yes, yes."

He did not doubt her then. That she knew, of course. But his way of speaking told her there might be those who would not let the suspicion fall to the ground—the cockatrice egg. And anywhere, in any soul, a doubt, clear and conscious, of her integrity to lurk! Must she, too, look henceforth among those she had deemed her friends, with constant restless seeking, to discover the guilty hand and head on whom this shame should fall? Sick at heart she closed her eyes, her face drooped—she sat silent at last. And her father asked no questions.

The dreary silence was not broken by the arrival of any cheerful guest that night. Even Emma, Johnson's cousin, like Jessie as a sister, as some said, though black and white could not in reality show more dissimilarity to physiognomist, even Emma did not come. Where was she? Not among the suspicious? or the forgetful?

No, she did not come to-night—but on many a succeeding night she came; for it was Tom's wish, Emma knew; besides, who was her best friend if not Jessie Cambell? So, oftener now than heretofore she presented herself at the cottage-door, and many a flower and fruit-basket she carried back to her poor invalid mother—Peter Cambell's gift—his most touching evidence, understood best in his secret heart, of gratitude, that a girl so bright, and young, and respectable as Emma had not chosen to forsake his daughter in her disgrace. The old man should have sent his gifts to Tom.

Tom himself came down to the cottage not long after the day when he had given Jessie the substantial aid of his trust. He came alone; and talked much, and talked well—cheerfully, bravely—with such chivalrous courtesy, as in presence of a queen, who was under question of some base commiseration. Yet it was clear, beyond disguise, that the gay spirits of the young man were cast down to a degree he could not conceal.

At last, however, he began to talk with freedom, dropping once and for all the topics he had taken up successively, hoping to interest poor old Peter Cambell.

There had been that day, he said, a rumor that the Capitol was in danger from the assault of rebels. And just now, when he came down here to Peter Cambell's, he met a party of young fellows going to the circus. He felt, he said, as if he could have shot them down for traitors. To sit in a circus and laugh at a clown's jokes, or the feats of a monkey, while under alien banners armed men were marching with destruction in their hearts towards the ark of the world! His words poured forth like a stream of fire. He was not thinking now of Jessie and her trouble, but of the Republic and her danger.

His words, looks, dejection and wrath put far away from the girl her own calamity. She thought now but with him, and her heart forgot its sorrow and ache in a greater tribulation.

He hadn't dared to express at home, he said, his perplexity and distress. There seemed to be such need of him there—and more, perhaps, than his relations themselves believed. He said this so gently, that Jessie felt touched by it to the heart. Since his uncle's death, he had regarded himself as the head of that orphaned family, and he was looked upon as such by all the house. But—if the affairs of the country did not speedily assume a more hopeful complexion—he would not answer for himself. He was only one—he had but one life to lay down—and if there was a need of him, he couldn't hold back for the ignominious comfort of living and dying to himself.

"You're right, sir!" exclaimed old Cambell. "I used to be a drummer. If Jessie was a lad, I'd be a drummer again."

"Yes, you're right," said Jessie, sharing her father's enthusiasm, yet without a smile.

"Do you think so?" asked Tom. He looked surprised, yet it seemed inexplicably cleared by Jessie's words.

"I think I wish I were a man, and not a woman, so that father might be a drummer again." She smiled, but she had used those last words merely in the place of other more bitter, if not less brave.

Tom looked at her—he understood her mood—and it seemed to him indeed a hateful thing to go away on such an enterprise of glory as he contemplated, and leave a woman—this woman of all—to fight out her own small fight obscurely—who could guess to what manner of termination?

"I wish I could get my women to feel that way," he said. "But they won't. Could you put your spirit into them?"

"I shall be their friend if you do go—just as always."

"More than ever!"

"If I could."

"You may depend on Jessie," said the old man, proudly. "If there's ever anything needed of Jessie, it's the forthcoming, sir."

This praise was sweet to Jessie; yet, could she have seen how the passage that lay between Tom's head and his heart was choked with rubbish that prevented a clear communication, what would she have thought? In much he understood her, but not here, not now. Read the report of Simon's Feast. And who were they that gathered round the Central Cross, and stood at early dawn on the Third Day by the door of the Sepulchre?

When Jessie saw Emma next, after work hours, with a chance of conversation, the poor child was in sore tribulation. Jessie, for Tom's sake, she said to herself, sought with tender persistence to know the cause.

Then—for this was an altogether evil hour—Emma must needs put on airs, and especially make it clear that Jessie's presence was not just now agreeable to her. But Jessie was not to be caught by an alarm at this, nor to be thwarted by a trifle. Since she had discovered Tom's feeling for his cousin, she had consciously assumed the charge of that young girl; but had she never felt that charge as an anxiety before? Nay, would she not now have felt it thus had there been no Mr. Johnson on whose shoulders epaulettes, bright as angel wings, were giving promise of themselves?

For the heart of Emma lay in Jessie's hand, even as an open book, and between those pages and the world she stood, to protect

what was writ therein from colder and less kindly eyes. So sacred to some women is the idea of womanhood.

Emma need not explain the cause of her present grief. Indeed she would not.

On returning home, Jessie had an explanation full—at least sufficient. Johnson was there alone in the porch waiting her return. Listening to the wind in the pines, he said; but he came down to the gate with a look of exultation on his handsome face that spoke of more than a poetic rapture.

"It is done," he said; "congratulate me."

"I do. For what?"

"Guess," he said, perhaps disappointed that she hadn't guessed.

"At least you are satisfied?"

"Indeed I am; and I shall think of your confidence in me in the day of battle."

"The day of battle! Well . . . I appeal to fifty thousand women, do you think she was disturbed?"

"Well, yes. What else can a man do?"

"Take my thanks," she said—"they're yours."

She spoke now with new feeling—voice, eyes attested it; as a near friend—not Aaron!—might have taken Moses by the hand when he went up into the mountains. Again, as if the very soul of the man were shaken, he looked at Jessie. But he now said no word; he merely stooped low and kissed her hand. Yet, what obeisance to equal this! And perhaps had he at the moment power, as a world's man, to survey the act, his surprise had equalled hers. But then he would have renewed the homage! She did not ask him if he saw no stain upon that hand; but the full conviction that he did not seemed now to blossom from the old assurance of his trust in her. Such a flower was that as opens once in a century.

"Pure hand," said he—"spotless before me and Heaven!"

"For the rest, then," she answered, "it makes no difference—except for my father's sake."

"Be assured, because it is you that have suffered, your righteousness shall yet appear bright as the noonday. I know how it will all end for you and him."

"You have seen, then, how it went with him?" she said, venturing the words she had not dared put into any shape before. "How thin and old and bent he has grown!" Her voice trembled.

"Jessie, before I come back all that will be righted. Perhaps if I go it will be done the more easily. Expect and look for nothing else."

Did she get all the meaning of his words? He looked to know. Not all, or she had not smiled; not all, or her gratitude had not ripened to such richness. To have seen all that he stood prepared to meet for her sake—to have seen it then would have blanched her face and made her tremble—given her over to unending sorrow.

By-and-bye he said, as one under constraint, and not at liberty to utter all he would:

"A man going away on such business as takes me has no right to incur new obligations or make new contracts. I have no way of foretelling my fortune, as a few months ago I would not have hesitated to read it. I hold there's only one end to this war; but to the men engaged in it there will be ends manifold. I cannot stay here devising new designs for currency, while my blood is needed in exchange for more. And if not my blood, at least my best force and skill. You're with me here?"

"Yes—"

"And have you no talisman to give me that will bring me back to you?" He took her hand again. "You used to wear a ring!"

"My mother's wedding-ring."

"And now you do not wear it?"

"You know when I took it off; and I cannot put it on yet."

"Give me that ring, Jessie, for a manifold token?"

She went into the house and brought from thence the ring and gave it to the soldier. All victories were with him. She was not thinking now of Emma, be you sure. But he said, "No—do you place it—I must wear it entirely for you."

After Johnson's departure, for his sake, and because of her promise, Jessie was often at the house he had deserted—his aunt called his departure a desertion—and saw no right worth vindicating at the expense of her poverty—she went endeavoring to comfort as she might the discomfort she perpetually found there. Sometimes she succeeded—but never with Emma. Her loss was a dead and total one. She seemed indeed to have lost her life with it. For what did Johnson say to her in parting? He gave her a strip of paper, on which a dozen words were written, and said:

"Emma, there's a fight to be fought out here as well as south of Mason and Dixon's line. You will know what to do with this paper. God forgive you, as I do, and as Jessie will."

But the \$50, for which he had given her a draft, were yet lying in the bank. The paper showed that the amount was credited to Emma Brooks, and subject to her order. Would she ever give a sign? Wherefore? Did not Aaron himself assist in the making of a golden calf? When men struggle with such frantic ardor for the pikes Lucifer will exhibit them, has he not the best of it, appealing to the poverty of the shivering native of the frozen regions?

In the first place, it was to help the house out of dolorous depression that had fallen upon it at a time when its right hand seemed paralyzed, and its strong staff broken. Then followed Tom's long disability, when his poor eyes, suffering from over-work, must, at any cost, have rest. Emma only borrowed what she would replace. But alas! one difficulty after another arose in her path, and she could not get back to old ground, though never workman worked as she. Then the discovery came; one day more and the restoration might have been made, the discovery prevented, but that day never dawned.

And now Tom had gone to war, and knew the worst—only the worst. Tom Johnson, to whose good opinion she would have made all sacrifices!

And she had been living with him under the same roof—he knowing all, she unaware!

Once in a fit of jealous frenzy she had purposed to lay before Jessie all her heart was enduring, except only its guilt. But that was before her cousin crushed her as a moth might be crushed. A woman to be loved! Had she ever heard without trembling and despair the fierce denunciation with which he had been accustomed to speak of the character that was capable, from whatever motive, of leaving Jessie Cambell to bear as she was bearing, a reproach no man or woman could believe she for a moment merited!

Yet never had Jessie proved herself so true and kind a friend as in these days. Tender words for Emma, whenever she would listen, gentle acts whenever she would submit to their soothing. How these words and acts pierced her! What pain is like the penalty of sin?

Meanwhile a change not less perceptible than all could see in Emma, wrought out its proof in Jessie. The unspeakable solemnity in which her soul was emerged began to cast a visible shadow over her daily walk, as by some grand vision her soul was entranced; you thought no common cares, nor trifling duties could arrest her hand, or control her heart. But then, old Cambell, not sharing in such rapture, had hardly grown so blithe and cheerful as people said he did.

One day on a battle-field there was a victory. Two women, at least, were waiting the event. It justified their hearts' presentiment. Among the killed on that victorious morning, one man lay covered with glory.

One of the women rejoiced. She was Johnson's cousin. She should see his face no more.

To the other woman, after a silence that lasted many days, came, as from beyond the grave, this letter:

"MADAM—My comrade, Thomas Johnson, died this morning. I am a prisoner, and dare not think how long it may be before you read this letter. He fell in this battle, in the thickest of the fight. He had been promoted by all our hearts, when we saw him doing his great deeds; he was like a man inspired. After we had fallen back, and would have retreated, he ran before us shouting up to victory. We could not help following him. No man deserves the credit of to-day's success if he does not. We carried him half an hour after he fell, to a church near by, and the surgeon was there. No need to amputate a limb; he was killed by the shot in the breast. Oh! brave boy, how we loved him! His last act was to take this ring from his finger—it was after we had taken him to the church—he lived an hour after. And he said to me, 'Tell her it is all right; and I said, 'tell who?' he answered, 'my wife, you'll find it in my pocket.' Letter for her.' And this letter, madam, I enclose; I congratulate you. This man could fall—not die. He lives in his comrade's hearts in this day's history, and with God, who has promoted him."

And this other letter, brought from within the veil, Jessie laid in Emma's hands.

"To-morrow," it ran, "we shall meet these shameless rebels. They are said to double our strength. No matter, we are strong. And we have our orders. There's one man who'll do his duty. Jessie, I will say now what I dared not say before. You make it hard for me to go out of this world. Over this Red Sea I seem to watch a white lily as it floats, and I long to reach it. But a spirit—remember your words, my own! a spirit is by my side—and says, 'Go on, it is a righteous cause. Love it more than you love me.' But the cause, we said and say, will end in victory, and if I fall, pure, brave woman, beloved and honored above all! do not grieve—but believe that in the city of Peace, in Salem, we shall meet again."

Then there was lamentation—but in each other's sight these women wept no tears.

Days pass on. Work is done, and grief endured. August voices chirp and sing. Fruits ripen. Old Peter is gravely satisfied with his steady labor, and the fruits thereof. Proclamations multiply. A fast day is appointed. People marry now with hesitation. But they die every day; steadily, and without intermission. Darkness broods over the land. Still the work in the Mint goes on. And there our girls are still, day after day, in the old places, now together—now apart—and Jessie understands, it would seem, that persistence and constancy are almost the sole requirement under which, in these days, she is living.

One morning, Father Cambell, working in his garden, pulled the last weeds that would be likely to show their heads in his gravel walk that year. While he was so occupied, Emma Brooks passed through his gate, and stood, for a moment, by the lilac, half hidden from his sight. And though he knew what visitor had come at this hour, had Emma chosen she might have gone again without interruption. But having come here on some business that must not in any part of it be neglected, Emma stepped forward and asked,

"Are you very busy in there, Mr. Cambell?"

"Yes," he answered, "not so very, Emma;" for this cousin of "poor Johnson's" was a great favorite with Peter, and partly on her own account, she was so fresh and bright. God bless her pretty face! If he could take time for anything it would be to listen to Emma when she spoke.

"Can you come in then, for a minute?"

"Why, yes, I can," he said, good-naturedly. And so he came into the walk. But she, not waiting for him, passed on quickly toward the porch, trying to get the better of the agitation that made her tremble so, it seemed doubtful whether she would ever reach the house.

Jessie, from within, had heard these voices, and coming to the door she beheld Emma. One glance said all to her that many words could say—she shared that moment's shame and sorrow as if its burden fell rightfully on her, and going up to her old friend, she took her hand in a strong grasp, and would have led her to a seat within. But on the threshold, Emma stood still and would not be entreated. Resisting Jessie's kindness rudely, in order to resist it utterly, she turned, in a frightened way, to see if Peter Cambell were not coming. There he was, close beside her. Then Emma opened her hand and let its contents fall into Jessie's lap.

"There! count it before your father's eyes," she exclaimed; and for a moment she hid her face. Then she withdrew her hand, stepped back, and seemed to confront the old man and Jessie with a determination that at least had courage in it.

One swift, glad glance from Jessie's eyes—not for herself, but for womanhood; then Jessie counted the money, even as she was bidden—\$50 indeed!

But then, as if in spite of all her past convictions, as one fairly amazed in spite of herself, she looked a voiceless questioning at Emma.

"You know what I mean," was the impatient answer.

"No," said Jessie; for what could Emma mean. No guess could cover all the facts. And there stood one at least full of bewilderment, in whose mind no suspicion, dark and hateful, of this bright young creature, had ever found a moment's lodgment. For his sake then.

"He said I would know what to do with it—the money. He left it in the bank for me to draw out; to make good your loss, I expect. But I never touched it. I've earned the money—it is not his I pay you, but my own; and earned by me, to pay what I owe you, Jessie, for I did borrow it—till, I must—why won't you understand?"

"Emma, it wasn't you!" exclaimed old Peter Cambell. Amazed wrong from him the words he had otherwise been slow to speak.

"Yes, it was I! I can tell it now. He knew it—she knew it; why should I care about keeping it from you?"

"Why? Verily you shouldn't," said the old man, sternly. "You shouldn't!" He looked like an avenger, harsh and unrelenting, down on the trembling young girl he had been fond of praising.

"You don't want to understand," cried Emma; and she lifted her hands, deprecating, entreating, it seemed, as if there were no phase of fear she should escape!

"I understand it all," said Jessie; "you need not say any more." But old Peter turned quickly on his daughter at that word. "What speech was this to use with one's adversary? What do you know?" he asked, and let her not evade in answering.

"What a woman's heart can tell her, father. No matter about the rest; it's all over." And now she kissed her old, dear friend—Tom's cousin—her companion these twelve years.

"No!" said the old man, planting his foot firmly, "it isn't one by a long sight. This thing's got to be set right. There's Jessie Cambell looked on this day as a thief by some."

"No, father, not by any one. Nobody believes it!"

"You think so. Folks ain't so ready at that. It's yet to be set right."

"Yes," said Emma, in a hurried but determined way; "it shall be set right, and by me."

"Do you hear her father? Not by you; by Emma."

But Jessie meant here something very different from the purpose of her friend when she gave this affirmation.

"Yes, by me. Be sure."

The old man shook his head. His heart began to trouble him. Tears were gathering fast in the eyes which thirty years ago had in them something of the hue and spirit of his Jessie's eyes.

"I'll give you a reasonable time to do it in," said he hurriedly. Then he went back to his garden-walk, but not to dabble among the few remaining weeds there.

He had only to wait till afternoon for "satisfaction." Mr. Wilson came then through the garden-gate in search of him, and hurried him away to the Mint, where he said—when they had gone into the long room occupied by girls who weighed the nation's currency in tiny scales day after day, and all the day long—said aloud, in quite a business tone, and in a way that commanded the attention of all:

"The person who wronged Jessie Cambell, by permitting a suspicion to fall upon her for a while, has confessed the wrong, and would confess it here before you all; but Jessie will not have it done. I have no more to say about it, except that never for a moment since the discrepancy became known have we supposed the fault to be Miss Cambell's. She has given us all an example of Christian forgiveness we shall be wise to imitate. It may be difficult for some of us to exercise such charity as she has shown, but let us try it. You will all join me, I am sure, in congratulating her father that his daughter's integrity is made as clear as the sunlight."

But it took old Peter Cambell a moment, at least, to rise from his contemplation of justice, and special views of punishment, and take the ground that Jessie held. He did come to that, however; and when in these days he reads certain sacred parables aloud, his voice has the tone, and his face the light, of a man who has plunged into ocean depths and brought from thence a pearl.

THE "Lady Godiva" procession is to be carried out this year as usual in Coventry, England. The Committee state that their object is to induce people to visit Coventry, and thus the expense of the pageant will be covered; otherwise the recent disasters in the place would render such a festival inappropriate. The Committee promise that "the costume of the Countess Godiva shall not offend the most fastidious taste."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Gazette has been ransacking the records of the past, and has found even "army reporters" are not a "new thing under the sun." He writes: In the Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, volume 2, in the Saga of King Olaf Haraldsson, the Saint, chapter 216, appears the following: "It is related that when King Olaf drew up his men in battle order, he made a shield rampant with his troop that should defend him in battle, for which he selected the strongest and boldest. Thereafter he called his seals (poets and historians) and ordered them to go in within the shield defence. 'Ye shall,' said the King, 'remain here and see the circumstances.'"

NEW MUSIC.

"THE AMERICAN FLAG." A new National Ode. By REV. J. B. DICKSON.

This song is arranged for a chorus of four voices. Both words and music are exceedingly spirited and effective, and we predict for it a high place in our National music. The words run thus:

Float forth, thou flag of the free,
Flash far over land and sea,
Proud emblem of liberty;
Hail, hail to thee!

The blue of the heavens is thine,
The stars on thy canopy shine,
Thy heraldry tells thee divine;
Hail, hail to thee!

Thy white proclaims thee unstained,
Thy crimson thy love unfeigned,
To man, by despots enchained;
Hail, hail to thee!

Under thy God-given light,
Our fathers went forth to fight,
Against sceptred wrong, for the right;
Hail, hail to thee!

Again thy stars lead the way,
We march in united array,
The hydra of treason to slay;
Hail, hail to thee!

CHORUS.—Float forth, thou flag of the sea,
Flash far over land and sea,
Till the world shout liberty!
Hail, hail to thee!

The words are by the Rev. J. B. Dickson, of Scotland—a gentleman whose antecedents are well known in his own country, and who combines with a vigorous pen a fine poetic taste; and like every true poet a sincere sympathy for liberty. We commend this beautiful song to all the lovers of music, as well as to every patriotic heart.

We have received from Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, the following new and popular pieces of music:

"The Standard of Freedom," music by J. R. Thomas, words by H. Markinsfield Addey.

"Washington and Our Country," a patriotic song, dedicated to Gen. McClellan and the U. S. Army.

"U. S. Army Calls, Military Quadrille and Battle-Piece," by R. Stoppel.

"Forget Thee," music by Balfe, with poetry by John Francis Waller, L.L.D.

BOOK NOTICES.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CITY INSPECTOR OF NEW YORK.

We have received from Mr. Delavan a copy of his very clear and exhaustive Report for the year 1861. It has a special interest from the lucid manner in which it treats of the sanitary condition of the city, the cause of disease and its prevention. Mr. Delavan brings forward prominently the fact that a large and exceptional percentage of the mortality of the city is due to the influx of emigrants, whose sanitary condition is much lower than that of the native population. He says that "in the whole of the mortality, more than two-thirds are the children of foreign emigrants, and the adult mortality is much greater than the deaths of native-born." The total number of deaths in the city for 1861 was 22,117; of which 6,569 were of persons of foreign birth. Of the deaths in public institutions and hospitals 1,906 were of persons foreign born, and only 1,382 natives. Among the valuable tables appended to the Report is one of remarkable interest, showing the temperature and meteorological condition of each day and week of the year, with the deaths therein occurring, thus enabling experts to determine what relations exist between the weather and the disease. Another table exhibits the number of marriages of the year, by the month, and that while but 38 males married under 20, no less than 592 females were foolish enough to do so. After 25 males predominate. Six men were found daring enough to marry between the ages of 65 and 70, but no females, although in the interesting and susceptible period between 55 and 60 there were no less than six women seduced into the toils of Hymen. The greatest proportion was between the ages of 20 and 25, in which not less than 84 males and 1,222 females entered into the holy state. Altogether this volume is full of interesting and important statistics, well arranged and useful to the citizen and student. It has one ill feature—that is to say, it lacks an index.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 28.—In the Senate, a communication relative to the number and ages of the slaves in the District of Columbia was presented and re-referred. Resolutions directing inquiry as to the expediency of retaining the Army at Harper's Ferry, and the appointment of naval cadets from the District of Columbia, were adopted. The resolutions of the Ohio Legislature regarding the keeping of slaves by rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, were referred to the Military Committee.

In the House, the Speaker announced the following as the Special Committee on the confiscation of rebel property: Messrs. Olin, of New York; Eliot, of Massachusetts; Noel, of Missouri; Hutchins, of Ohio; Mallory, of Kentucky; Beaman, of Michigan; and Cobb, of New Jersey. Mr. Olin declined to serve, and it is believed Mr. Sedgwick will be selected in his place. A resolution was adopted calling for the official reports of the battle at Pittsburg Landing. The Secretary of War was requested to inform the House whether Judge Pettis, who sent a letter to the Legislature at Richmond, declaring his loyalty to that cause, continued to hold his court for Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, with the knowledge and consent of the Federal military commandant of that district. A resolution that the Judiciary Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting with penalties similar to those for grand larceny, was adopted. The consideration of the report of the Government Contract Investigating Committee was resumed. Mr. Sedgwick, of New York, defended the Secretary of the Navy from the charges of inefficiency brought against him; and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, defended Gen. Fremont from the aspersions against his official conduct.

TUESDAY, April 29.—In the Senate, a bill to amend the bill of last session, confiscating slaves, so as to include the wives and children of slaves, was introduced by Mr. Wilson. A resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to discharge a contractor after fulfilling his contract, was, after some discussion, laid over. The resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the number and names of persons who have been arrested in the State of Kentucky and taken in forts, &c., in other States, was called up, but no action taken on it. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and Mr. Browning, Republican, of Illinois, made a speech against it. Mr. Cowan moved to refer all the propositions on the subject of confiscation to a select committee, but the motion was not pressed to a vote.

In the House, a long discussion on the report of the Government Contract Investigating Committee took place. The speeches show that the most shameless and wholesale plundering of the public treasury has been going on since the rebellion broke out, and that there are members of the House ready and anxious to screen the robbers, even after their conviction.

WEDNESDAY, April 30.—In the Senate, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report respecting the barbarous treatment of our soldiers at Manassas. The resolution calling for information regarding arrests in Kentucky was briefly discussed, but no action taken on it. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then renewed, the pending motion being to refer the subject to a select committee. An amendment was offered by Mr. Howard, of Michigan, instructing the committee to bring in a bill confiscating the property of all the leading insurgents, and emancipating the slaves of all persons who have taken up arms against the United States. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, moved to strike out all the part relating to emancipation. Mr. Davis's proposition was rejected by yeas 11, nays 29, and Mr. Howard withdrew his amendment.

In the House, Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, submitted two bills, one to confiscate rebel property and to provide for the payment of the expenses of the present rebellion, and the other to provide for freeing the slaves of all rebels who have taken up arms against the Government. They were referred to the select committee on Confiscation. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, asked leave to introduce a resolution of inquiry, to ascertain by what authority Gen. Hunter had issued an order to emancipate slaves in the manner expressed by Messrs. Hutchins, Lovjoy and others. Objection was made, and the proposition lies over. The resolutions reported by the Contract Investigating Committee were then taken up, and the motion to lay them on the table was rejected by a vote of 17 to 107. The resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to pay \$12.50 each, and no more, for 5,000 Hall cabins purchased through Simon Stevens by Gen. Fremont, was adopted—123 yeas against 28. The House adopted a resolution censuring Mr. Cameron by a vote of 79 yeas against 45. A resolution censuring Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, was rejected by 45 yeas against 72.

THURSDAY, May 1.—In the Senate a number of petitions for a General Bankrupt Law were introduced. A memorial was presented from

John Brook offering to build a city railroad in Washington in 60 days, and to pay \$10,000 annually to the city. Mr. Wilson's resolution, inquiring of the Military Committee whether any further legislation is necessary to prevent soldiers and officers from returning fugitive slaves, was debated until the expiration of the morning hour, when the Confiscation Bill was taken up. Speeches were made by Messrs. Wilson, of Massachusetts, Morrill, of Maine, Howe, of Wisconsin, and Davis, of Kentucky, all in favor of confiscation in some shape.

In the House the bill recently reported from the Military Committee, authorizing the appointment of a Board of Fortifications, to provide for the coast and other defenses, was called up, and Mr. Blair, of Missouri, explained its provisions. A bill to render Freedom national and Slavery sectional was reported from the Committee on Territories.

FRIDAY, May 2.—In the Senate, a bill introduced by Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, to limit the number of Major and Brigadier-Generals in the army, was referred to the Military Committee. A message was received from the President, assuming the responsibility for the arrest of Gen. Stone, in the terms already stated in the Times. The Confiscation bill was then debated until the adjournment.

In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, made a personal explanation in regard to his charge against Gen. W. F. Smith. He gave the authority for his statement that the General was intoxicated, and read in contradiction a paper signed by the officers of the Vermont brigade, asserting that the charge of intoxication was absolutely false, and expressing the utmost confidence in Gen. Smith. Mr. Morrill disclaimed any intention to do injustice. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, followed in a vindication of Gen. Grant from certain charges which had been made against him.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

SIDNEY JOHNSTON and Beauregard avowed their determination, in going into the late battle, to conquer or die. Johnston did one, Beauregard did neither.

AN account of the Pittsburg battle says that the Mississippi brigade "dashed like a fierce wave upon our left wing." That brigade may have been a big wave, but its subsequent motion was a waver.

THE Memphis Appeal says that, "during three days' continuous bombardment" at No. 10, we "didn't kill a single man." We guess then that we killed quite a number of married ones.

GREAT BRITAIN has held her Gibraltar nearly a century. The rebel Confederacy surrenders three or four of its Gibaltars per month.

THE Charleston Mercury has been in ecstasies over the idea of a black and white flag for the Confederates. With a little more thrashing, their colors will be nothing but black and blue.

A GOOD anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with rebel, after the capture of Fort Pulaski, the latter said, "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied, "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "we make them now of iron." Speeches subsided.

THE Richmond Enquirer says that this is "a guilty war on the part of the United States." We admit that it richly deserves to be prosecuted!

THE great subterranean phenomenon in Edmondson Co., Ky., the giving up of Nashville and the surrender of Island No. 10, are three Mammoth Caves!

THE two cogent words with a Pennsylvania land speculator are, "Oil-wells;" the two similar words for a Naval aspirant are "Soap Wells."

NOT half the soldiers on the rebel side
Can spell their names—if grave report we heed
Yet Southern learning has been much belied,
If it be true that "he who runs may read!"

WE don't know what it may cost to restore the Union,
but, whatever the cost may be, it will be paid.

UNFORTUNATELY in the rebel Confederacy the men of principle are not the principal men.

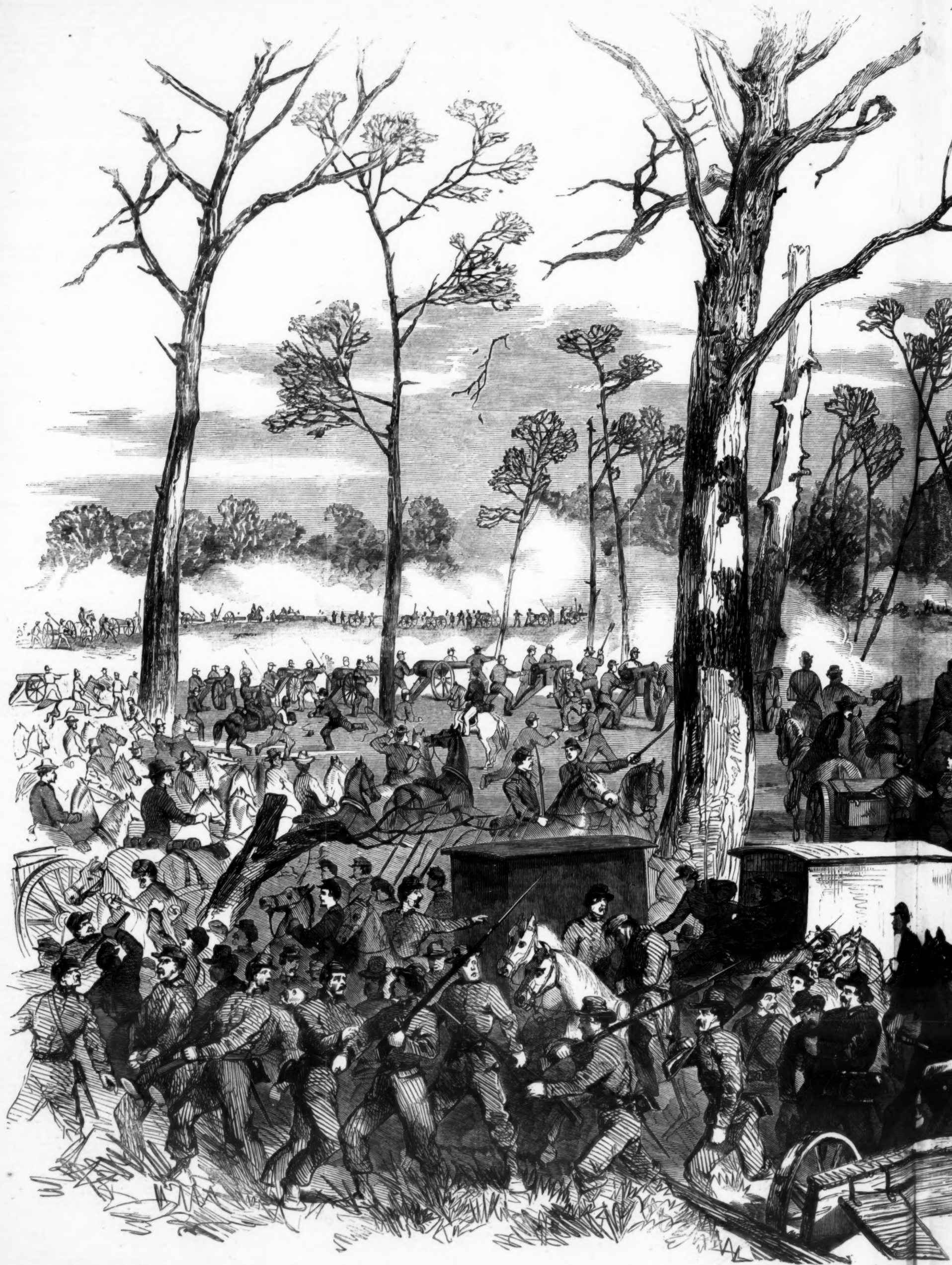
THE planters are responding to Beauregard's call for bells to make cannon. We hope the guns will be first-rate. We may have occasion to use them in a war with Great Britain.

THE Chivalry don't joke intentionally, they are two dignified for that; but they nevertheless get off some capital things occasionally without knowing it. The editor of the Richmond Whig is one of the greatest wags alive without having the least idea of his comicality, and "that's the humor of it." See how the sarcasm oozes out of him involuntarily, in the following passages from a late number of his paper:

"The truth is, our defeats have proved the superiority of our fighting qualities, as our victories never did or could have done. The Southerner is more courageous than the Yankee, and nothing has served to convince the Yankees of this truth so much as their late triumphs. Take the list of our disasters, from Knoxville to Kernstown, and we find in every one of them ample evidence of Southern pluck."

Referring to the Roanoke affair he says:
"Some of the troops acted gallantly; but Gen. Wise told the whole story when he said to some of his soldiers who had retreated, 'There is no blood on your bayonets.' We always believed we could whip the Yankees, and nothing has done so much to strengthen and confirm that belief as our disasters!"

"WITCH STORIES."—This is the title of a book lately published in London, edited by Mrs. Linton, authoress of "Azeth, the Egyptian." Among other stories is the following, entitled, "The Fatal Fate of Margaret Barclay." Margaret was a young, beautiful, high-spirited woman, wife of Archibald Dein, Burgess of Irvine, and not on the best of terms with John Dein, her husband's brother. Indeed, she had had him and his wife before the Kirk session for elopement, and things had not gone quite smoothly with them ever since. When, therefore, the ship, The Grace of God, in which John Dein was sailing, sank in sight of land, drowning him and all his men, the old quarrel was remembered, and Margaret, together with Isabel Insh and John Stewart, a wandering "spaceman," was accused of having sunk the vessel by her life before; but Stewart "clearly and positively confessed" all the charges brought against him, and also said that the women had applied to him to be taught his magic arts, and that once he had found them both modelling ships and figures in clay for the destruction of the men and vessel aforesaid. And as it was proved that Stewart had spoken of the wreck before he could have known it by ordinary means, suspicion of sorcery fell upon him, and he was taken, and made his confession. He said that he had visited Margaret to help her to her will, when a black dog, breathing fire from his nostrils, had formed part of the conjuration; and Isabel's own child, a little girl of eight, added to this, a black man as well. Isabel, after denying all and sundry of the charges brought against her, under torture admitted their truth. In the night time she found means to escape from her prison, bruised and maimed with the torture as she was; but in scrambling over the roof she fell to the ground, and was so much injured that she died five days afterwards. Margaret was then tortured; the spaceman had strangled himself, which was the best thing he could do, only it was a pity he did not do it before; and poor Margaret was the last of the trio. The torture they used, said the Lords Commissioners, was "safe and gentle." They put her bare legs one by one, till Margaret, unable to bear the pain, cried out to be released, promising to confess the truth as they wished to have it. But when released she only denied the charges with fresh passion; so they had recourse to the iron bars again. After a time, pain and weakness overcame her again, and she shrieked aloud, "Take off! take off! and befoir God I will show ye the whole form!" She then confessed—whatever they chose to ask her; but, unfortunately, in her ravings, included one Isabel Crawford, who, when arrested—as she was on the instant—attempted no defence, but, paralyzed and stupefied, admitted everything with which she was charged. Margaret's trial proceeded; sullen and despairing, she assented to the most monstrous counts; she knew there was no hope, and she seemed to take a bitter pride in suffering her tormentors to befool themselves to the utmost. In the midst of her anguish her husband, Alexander Dein, entered the court, accompanied by a lawyer. And then her despair passed, and she thought she saw a glimmer of life and salvation. She asked to be defended. "All that I have confessed," she said, "was in agony of torture; and before God all that I have spoken is false and untrue. But," she added, pathetically, turning to her husband, "ye have been over long in coming!" Her defence did her no good; she was condemned, and at the stake created that no harm might befall Isabel Crawford, who was utterly and entirely innocent. To whom did she make this prayer? To hearts turned wild and wolfish by superstition; to hearts made fustian by fear; to men with nothing of humanity save its form—with nothing of religion save its terrors. She might as well have prayed to the fierce winds blowing round the court-house, or the rough waves lashing the barren shore! She was taken to the stake, there strangled and burnt, bearing herself bravely to the last. Poor, brave, beautiful, young Margaret! We, at this long lapse of time, cannot even read of her fate without tears; it needed all the savageness of superstition to harden the hearts of the living against the actual presence of her beauty, her courage, and her despair.



Two 20-pound Howitzers.

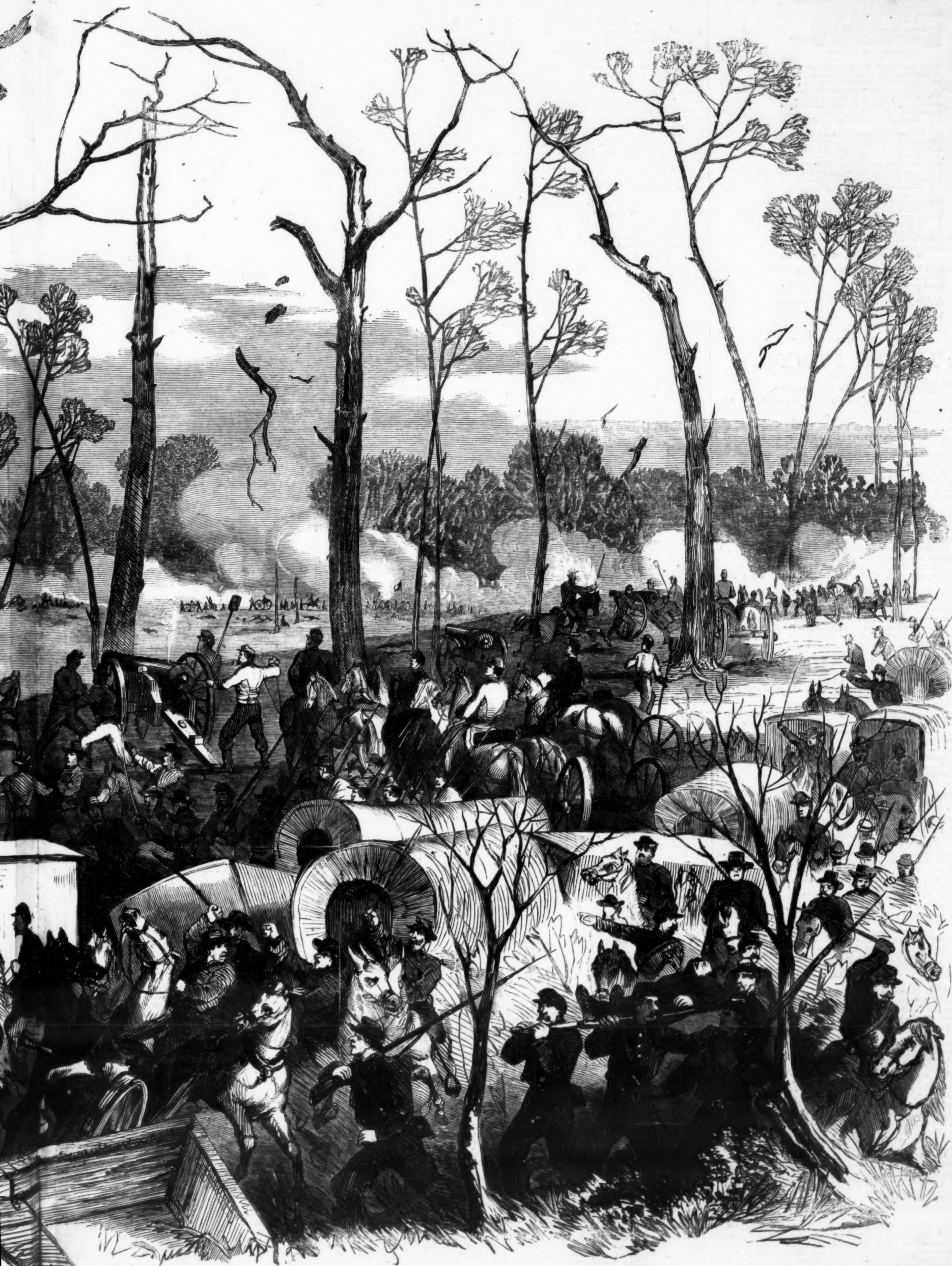
Four 20-pound Parrott-Breastworks.

Four 10-pounders.

Two 24-pounders.

Remnant of Rebel

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—THE LAST LINE OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE, FROM WHICH THE ENEMY WAS REPELLED, O.



Rebel Infantry. Rebel Batteries. Rebel Batteries. 24-pounder Siege Gun. Two 10-pound Rifle.
 AS REUSED, ONE MILE FROM PITTSBURG LANDING, SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIN.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

"Touch him tenderly," gently raise
The fallen hero; let his praise
Sound sweetly through all future days,
For he was brave and true.
Lean him against a manly breast,
Close to the heart that loved him best,
Like a tired traveller taking rest
Under the arch of blue.

Then bear him to the sylvan shade,
Where dew falls from the drooping blade,
Like tears from a sad-hearted maid
Whose grief no words unfold.
Where the soft wind in sorrow sighs,
Among wild flowers whose pleasant eyes
Repeat the beauty of the skies,
Starlight and blue and gold.

Brush from his brow the wind-tossed hair,
Mingled like cloud and sunshine there,
Kiss the cold cheek, so pale and fair,
In silent sorrow weep.
Fold his white hands upon his breast,
And when the day fades in the west
Under the green turf let him rest—
There let him sweetly sleep.

Dig his grave where the soft green sod
By traitor's feet has ne'er been trod,
Where sweet flowers are the smile of God,
For the patriot pure and true.
There let a graceful fadeless tree—
Emblem of hope and liberty—
Arise, his epitaph shall be
Sweet flowers—red, white and blue.

Bury him where the brook shall sing
His requiem, and returning spring
Shall come with bloom and rustling wing
To deck his grave for aye;
And Heaven shall watch with starry eyes,
That sleep not in the stooping skies,
The tomb to which an angel flies
To roll the stone away.

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER VI.—REJECTED AND ACCEPTED.

THE dinner-party at Mr. Floyd's was a merry one; and when John Mellish and Talbot Bulstrode left the East Cliff to walk westward, at 11 o'clock at night, the Yorkshireman told his friend that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life. The declaration must, however, be taken with some reserve; for it was one which John was in the habit of making about three times a week; but he really had been very happy in the society of the banker's family; and, what was more, he was ready to adore Aurora Floyd without any further preparation whatever.

A few bright smiles and sparkling glances, a little animated conversation about the hunting-field and the race-course, combined with a few glasses of those effervescent wines which Archibald Floyd imported from the fair Moselle country, had been quite enough to turn the head of John Mellish, and to cause him to hold worldly forth in the moonlight upon the merits of the beautiful heiress.

"I verily believe I shall die a bachelor, Talbot," he said, "unless I can get that girl to marry me. I've only known her half a dozen hours, and I'm head over heels in love with her already. What is it that has knocked me over like this, Bulstrode? I've seen other girls with black eyes and hair, and she knows no more of horses than half the women in Yorkshire; so it isn't that. What is it, then, hey?"

He came to a full stop against a lamp-post, and stared fiercely at his friend as he asked this question.

Talbot gnashed his teeth in silence.
It was no use battling with his fate then, he thought; the fascination of this woman had the same effect upon others as upon himself; and while he was arguing with, and protesting against his passion, some brainless fellow like this Mellish would step in and win the prize.

He wished his friend good-night upon the steps of the old Ship Hotel, and walked straight to his room, where he sat with his window open to the mild November night, staring out at the moonlit sea. He determined to propose to Aurora Floyd before twelve o'clock the next day.

Why should he hesitate?

He had asked himself that question a hundred times before, and had always been unable to answer it; and yet he had hesitated. He could not dispossess himself of a vague idea that there was some mystery in this girl's life, some secret known only to herself and her father, some one spot upon the history of the past which cast a shadow on the present. And yet, how could that be? How could that be, he asked himself, when her whole life only amounted to 19 years, and he had heard the history of those years over and over again? How often he had artfully led Lucy to tell him the simple story of her cousin's girlhood! The governesses and masters that had come and gone at Felden Woods. The ponies and dogs, and puppies and kittens, and petted foals; the little scarlet riding-habit that had been made for the heiress when she rode after the hounds with her cousin Andrew Floyd. The worst blots that the officer could discover in those early years were a few broken china vases and a great deal of ink spilt over badly-written French exercises. And after being educated at home until she was nearly 18, Aurora had been transferred to a Parisian finishing school, and that was all. Her life had been the everyday life of other girls of her own position, and she differed from them only in being a great deal more fascinating, and a little more wilful than the majority.

Talbot laughed at himself for his doubts and hesitations. "What a suspicious brute I must be," he said, "when I imagine I have fallen upon the clue to some mystery simply because there is a mournful tenderness in the old man's voice when he speaks to his only child! If I were 67 years of age, and had such a daughter as Aurora, would there not always be a shuddering terror mingled with my love—a horrible dread that something would happen to take her away from me? I will propose to Miss Floyd to-morrow."

Had Talbot been thoroughly candid with himself, he would, perhaps have added, "or John Mellish will make her an offer the day after."

Capt. Bulstrode presented himself at the house on the East Cliff some time before noon on the next day, but he found Mr. Mellish on the doorstep talking to Miss Floyd's groom and inspecting the horses, which were waiting for the young ladies—for the young ladies were going to ride, and John Mellish was going to ride with them.

"But if you'll join us, Bulstrode, the Yorkshireman said, good-naturedly, "you can ride the gray I spoke of yesterday. Saunders shall go back and fetch him."

Talbot rejected this offer rather sulkily. "I've my own horses here, thank you," he answered. "But if you'll let your groom ride down to the stables and tell my man to bring them up, I shall be obliged to you."

After which condescending request Captain Bulstrode turned his back upon his friend, crossed the road, and folding his arms upon the railings, stared resolutely at the sea. But in five minutes more the ladies appeared upon the doorstep, and Talbot, turning at the sound of their voices, was fain to cross the road once more for the chance of taking Aurora's foot in his hand as she sprang into her saddle, but John Mellish was before him again, and Miss Floyd's mare was curvetting under the touch of her light hand before the captain could interfere. He allowed the groom to attend to Lucy, and mounting as quickly as his stiff leg would allow him, he prepared to take his place by Aurora's side. Again he was too late; Miss Floyd had cantered down the hill attended by Mellish, and it was impossible for Talbot to leave poor Lucy, who was a timid horse-woman.

The captain never admired Lucy so little as on horseback. His pale saint with the halo of golden hair seemed to him sadly out of place in a side-saddle. He looked back at the day of his morning visit to Felden, and remembered how he had admired her and how exactly she corresponded with his ideal, and how determined he was to be bewitched by her rather than by Aurora. "If she had fallen

in love with me," he thought, "I would have snapped my fingers at the black-browed heiress, and married this fair-haired angel out of hand. I meant to do that when I sold my commission. It was not for Aurora's sake I left the army, it was not Aurora whom I followed down here. Which did I follow? What did I follow, I wonder? My destiny, I suppose, which is leading me through such a witch's dance as I never thought to tread at the sober age of 33. If Lucy had only loved me, it might have been all different."

He was so angry with himself that he was half inclined to be angry with poor Lucy for not extricating him from the snares of Aurora. If he could have read that innocent heart, as he rode in sulky silence across the stunted turf on the wide downs! If he could have known the sick pain in that gentle breast, as the quiet girl by his side lifted her blue eyes every now and then to steal a glance at his hard profile and moody brow! If he could have read her secret later, when, talking of Aurora, he for the first time clearly betrayed the mystery of his own heart! If he could have known how the landscape grew dim before her eyes, and how the brown moorland reeled beneath her horse's hoofs until they seemed going down, down, down into some fathomless depth of sorrow and despair! But he knew nothing of this; and he thought Lucy Floyd a pretty, inanimate girl, who would no doubt be delighted to wear a becoming dress as bridesmaid at her cousin's wedding.

There was a dinner party that evening upon the East Cliff, at which both John Mellish and Talbot were to assist, and the captain savagely determined to bring matters to an issue before the night was out.

Talbot Raleigh Bulstrode would have been very angry with you, had you watched him too closely that evening as he fastened the golden solitaire in his narrow cravat before his looking-glass in the bow window at the Old Ship. He was ashamed of himself for being causelessly savage with his valet, whom he dismissed abruptly before he began to dress, and had not the courage to call the man back again when his own hot hands refused to do their office. He spilt half a bottleful of perfume upon his varnished boots, and smeared his face with a terrible waxy compound which promised to *lisser sans graisser* his moustache. He broke one of the crystal boxes in his dressing-case, and put the bits of broken glass in his waistcoat pocket from sheer absence of mind. He underwent semi-strangulation with the unbending circular collar in which, as a gentleman, it was his duty to invest himself; and he could have beaten the ivory backs of his brushes upon his head in blind execration of that short, stubborn black hair, which only curled at the other ends; and when at last he emerged from his room, it was with a spiteful sensation that every waiter in the place knew his secret, and had a perfect knowledge of every emotion in his breast, and that the very Newfoundland dog lying on the doorstep had an inkling of the truth, as he lifted up his big head to look at the captain, and then dropped it again with a contemptuously lazy yawn.

Captain Bulstrode offered a handful of broken glass to the man who drove him to the East Cliff, and then confusedly substituted about fifteen shillings worth of silver coin for that abnormal species of payment. There must have been two or three earthquakes and an eclipse or so going on in some part of the globe, he thought, for this jog-trot planet seemed all tumult and confusion to Talbot Bulstrode. The world was all Brighton, and Brighton was all blue moonlight, and steel-colored sea, and glancing, dazzling gaslight, and hare-soup and cod and oysters, and Aurora Floyd. Yes, Aurora Floyd, who wore a white silk dress, and a thick circlet of dull gold upon her hair, who looked more like Cleopatra to-night than ever, and who suffered Mr. John Mellish to take her down to dinner. How Talbot hated the Yorkshireman's big fair face, and blue eyes, and white teeth, as he watched the two young people across a phalanx of glass and silver, and flowers and wax candles, and pickles, and other Fortnum-and-Mason ware! Here was a golden opportunity lost, thought the discontented captain, forgetful that he could scarcely have proposed to Miss Floyd at the dinner table, amidst the jingle of glasses and popping of corks, and with a big powdered footman charging at him with a side-dish or a sauce tureen while he put the fatal question. The desired moment came a few hours afterwards, and Talbot had no longer any excuse for delay.

The November evening was mild, and the three windows in the drawing-room were open from floor to ceiling. It was pleasant to look out from the hot gaslight upon that wide sweep of moonlit ocean, with a white sail glimmering here and there against the purple night. Captain Bulstrode sat near one of the open windows, watching that tranquil scene with, I fear, very little appreciation of its beauty. He was wishing that the people would drop off and leave him alone with Aurora. It was close upon eleven o'clock, and high time they went. John Mellish would of course insist upon waiting for Talbot; this was what a man had to endure on account of some old schoolboy acquaintance. All Rugby might turn up against him in a day or two, and dispute with him for Aurora's smiles. But John Mellish was engaged in a very animated conversation with Archibald Floyd, having contrived with consummate artifice to ingratiate himself in the old man's favor, and the visitors having one by one dropped off, Aurora, with a listless yawn that she took little pains to conceal, strolled out into the broad iron balcony. Lucy was sitting at a table at the other end of the room, looking at a Book of Beauty. Oh, my poor Lucy! how much did you see of the Honorable Miss Brownsmith's high forehead and Roman nose? Did not that young lady's handsome face stare up at you dimly through a blinding mist of tears that you were a great deal too well educated to shed? The chance had come at last. If life had been a Haymarket comedy, and the entrances and exits arranged by Mr. Buckstone himself, it could have fallen out no better than this. Talbot Bulstrode followed Aurora on to the balcony; John Mellish went on with his story about the Beverley foxhounds; and Lucy, holding her breath at the other end of the room, knew as well what was going to happen as the captain himself.

Is not life altogether a long comedy, with Fate for the stage-manager, and Passion, Inclination, Love, Hate, Revenge, Ambition and Avarice by turns in the prompter's box? A tiresome comedy sometimes, with dreary, talker, talker from scenes which come to nothing, but only serve to make the audience more impatient as they wait while the stage is set and the great people change their dresses; or a "sensation" comedy, with unlooked-for tableaux and unexpected denouements; but a comedy to the end of the chapter, for the sorrows which seem tragic to us are funny when seen from the other side of the footlights; and our friends in the pit are as much amused with our trumpery griefs as the Haymarket *habitués* when Mr. Box finds his gridiron empty, or Mr. Cox misses his rasher. What can be funnier than other people's anguish? Why do we enjoy Mr. Maddison Morton's farces, and laugh till the tears run down our cheeks at the comedian who enacts them? Because there is scarcely a drop upon the British stage which is not, from the rising to the falling of the curtain, a record of human anguish and undeserved misery. Unhappy, undeserved and unnecessary torture—there is the special charm of the entertainment. If the man who was weak enough to send his wife to Camberwell had crushed a baby behind a chest of drawers, his sufferings wouldn't be half so delightful to an intellectual audience. If the gentleman who became embroiled with his laundress had murdered the young lady in the green boots, where would be the fun of that old Adelphi farce in which poor Wright was wont to delight us? And so it is with our troubles all the more because we have not always deserved them, and whose sorrows we shall gloat over bye-and-bye, when the bell for the next piece begins, and it is their turn to go on and act.

Talbot Bulstrode went out on to the balcony, and the earth stood still for ten minutes or so, and every steel-blue star in the sky glared watchfully down upon the young man in this the supreme crisis of his life.

Aurora was leaning against a slender iron pillar, looking aslant into the town and across the town to the sea. She was wrapped in an opera cloak, no stiff, embroidered, young-lady-fied garment, but a voluminous drapery of soft scarlet woollen stuff, such as Semiramide herself might have worn.

"She looks like Semiramide," Talbot thought. "How did this Scotch banker and his Lancashire wife come to have an Assyrian for their daughter?"

He began brilliantly this young man, as lovers generally do. "I am afraid you must have fatigued yourself this evening, Miss Floyd," he remarked.

Aurora stifled a yawn as she answered him. "I am rather tired," she said.

It wasn't very encouraging. How was he to begin an eloquent speech, when she might fall asleep in the middle of it? But he did. He dashed at once into the heart of his subject, and he told her how he loved her; how he had done battle with passion, which had been too strong for him; how he loved her as he never thought to love

any creature upon this earth; and how he cast himself before her in all humility to take his sentence of life or death from her lips.

She was silent for some moments, her profile sharply distinct to him in the moonlight, and those dear lips trembling visibly. Then, with a half-averted face, and in words that seemed to come slowly and painfully from a stifled throat, she gave him his answer.

That answer was a rejection!

Not a young lady's "No," which means "Yes," to-morrow, or which means, perhaps, that you have not been on your knees in a passion of despair, like Lord Edward Fitz-Morkysh in Miss Odeuse's last novel. Nothing of this kind, but a calm negative, carefully and tersely worded, as if she feared to mislead him by so much as one syllable that could leave a loophole through which hope might creep into his heart. He was rejected. For a moment it was quite as much as he could do to believe it. He was inclined to imagine that the signification of certain words had suddenly changed, or that he had been in the habit of mistaking them all his life, rather than that those words meant this hard fact, namely, that he, Talbot Raleigh Bulstrode, of Bulstrode Castle, and of Saxon extraction, had been rejected by the daughter of a Lombard street banker.

He paused—for an hour and so, as it seemed to him—in order to collect himself before he spoke again.

"May I venture to inquire," he said—how horribly commonplace the phrase seemed; he could have used no worse had he been inquiring for furnished lodgings—"may I ask if any prior attachment—to one more worthy—"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

The answer came upon him so suddenly, that it almost startled him as much as her rejection.

"And yet your decision is irrevocable?"

"Quite irrevocable."

"Forgive me if I am intrusive; but—but Mr. Floyd may perhaps have formed some higher views—"

He was interrupted by a stifled sob as she clasped her hands over her averted face.

"Higher views!" she said. "Poor, dear old man—no, no, indeed!"

"It is scarcely strange that I bore you with these questions. It is so hard to think that, meeting you with your affections disengaged, I have yet been utterly unable to win one shadow of regard upon which I might build a hope for the future."

Poor Talbot! Talbot, the splitter of metaphysical straws and chopper of logic, talking of building hopes on shadows, with a lover's delicious stupidity.

"It is so hard to resign every thought of your ever coming to alter your decision of to-night, Aurora"—he lingered on her name for a moment, first because it was so sweet to say it, and, secondly, in the hope that she would speak—"it is so hard to remember the fabric of happiness I had dared to build, and to lay it down here to-night for ever."

Talbot quite forgot that, up to the time of the arrival of John Mellish, he had been perpetually arguing against his passion, and had declared to himself, over and over again, that he would be a consummate fool if he was ever beguiled into making Aurora his wife. He reversed the parable of the fox; for he had been inclined to make faces at the grapes while he fancied them within his reach, and now that they were removed from his grasp, he thought that such delicious fruit had never grown to tempt mankind.

"If—if," he said, "my fate had been happier, I know how proud my father, poor old Sir John, would have been of his eldest son's choice."

How ashamed he felt of the meanness of this speech! The artful sentence had been constructed in order to remind Aurora whom she was refusing. He was trying to bribe her with the baronetcy which was to be his in due time. But she made no answer to the pitiful appeal. Talbot was almost choked with mortification. "I see—I see," he said, "that it is hopeless. Good night, Miss Floyd."

She did not even turn to look at him as she left the balcony; but with her red drapery wrapped tightly around her, stood shivering in the moonlight, with the silent tears slowly stealing down her cheeks.

"Higher views!" she cried bitterly, repeating a phrase that Talbot used—"higher views! God help him!"

"I must wish you good-night and good-bye at the same time," Captain Bulstrode said, as he shook hands with Lucy.

"Good-bye?"

"Yes; I leave Brighton early to-morrow."

"So suddenly."

"Why not exactly suddenly. I always meant to travel this winter. Can I do anything for you—at Cairo?"

He was so pale and cold and wretched-looking, that she almost pitied him—pitied him in spite of the wild joy growing up in her heart. Aurora had refused him—it was perfectly clear—refused him! The soft blue eyes filled with tears at the thought that a demigod should have endured such humiliation. Talbot pressed her hand gently in his own clammy palm. He could read pity in that tender look, but possessed no lexicon by which he could translate its deeper meaning.

"You will wish your uncle good-bye for me, Lucy," he said. He called her Lucy for the first time; but what did it matter now? His great affliction set him apart from his fellow-men, and gave him imperial privileges. "Good-night, Lucy; good-night and good-bye. I—I—shall hope to see you again in a year or two."

The pavement of the East Cliff seemed so much air beneath Talbot Bulstrode's boots as he strode back to the old ship; for it is peculiar to us, in our moments of supreme trouble or joy, to lose consciousness of the earth we tread, and to float on an atmosphere of sublime egotism.

But the captain did not leave Brighton the next day on the first stage of his Egyptian journey. He stayed at the fashionable watering-place; but he resolutely abjured the neighborhood of the East Cliff, and, the day being wet, took a pleasant walk to Shoreham through the rain; and Shoreham being such a pretty place, he was no doubt much enlivened by that exercise.

Returning through the fog at about four o'clock, the captain met Mr. John Mellish close against the turnpike outside Cliftonville.

The two men stared at each other.

"Why, where on earth are you going?" asked Talbot.

"Back to Yorkshire by the first train that leaves Brighton."

"But this isn't the way to the station!"

"No; but they're putting the horses in my portmanteau, and my shirts are going by the Leeds cattle-train; and—"

Talbot Bulstrode burst into a loud laugh, a harsh and bitter cackling, but affording wondrous relief to that gentleman's over-charged breast.

"John Mellish," he said, "you have been proposing to Aurora Floyd."

The Yorkshireman turned scarlet. "It—it—wasn't honorable of her to tell you," he stammered.

"Miss Floyd has never breathed a word to me upon the subject. I've just come from Shoreham, and you've only lately left the East Cliff. You've proposed, and you've been rejected."

"I have," roared John; "and it's doosed hard when I promised her she should keep a racing stud if she liked, and enter as many colts as she pleased for the Derby, and give her own orders to the trainer, and I'd never interfere; and—and—Mellish Park is one of the finest places in the county; and I'd have won her a bit of blue ribbon to tie up her bonny black hair."

"That old Frenchman was right," muttered Captain Bulstrode; "there is a great satisfaction in the misfortunes of others. If I go to my dentist I like to find another wretch in the waiting-room; and I like to have my tooth extracted first, and to see him glare enviously at me as I come out of the torture chamber, knowing that my troubles are over while his are to come. Good-bye, John Mellish, and God bless you. You're not such a bad fellow after all."

Talbot felt almost cheerful as he walked back to the ship, and he took a mutton cutlet and tomato sauce, and a pint of Moselle for his dinner; and the food and wine warmed him, and not having slept a wink on the previous night, he fell into a heavy indigestible slumber with his head hanging over the sofa-cushion, and dreamt that he was at Grand Cairo (or at a place which would have been that city had it not been now and then Bulstrode Castle, and occasionally chambers in the Albany); and that Aurora Floyd was with him, clad in imperial purple, with hieroglyphics on the hem of her robe, and wearing a clown's jacket of white satin and scarlet spots, such as he had once seen foremost in a great race. Captain Bulstrode arose early the next morning, with the full intention of departing from Sussex by the 8.45 express; but suddenly remembering that he had but poorly acknowledged Archibald Floyd's cordiality, he determined on sacrificing his inclinations on the shrine of courtesy, and calling once more at the East Cliff to take leave of the banker. Having once

resolved upon this line of action, the captain would have hurried that moment to Mr. Floyd's house; but finding that it was only half-past seven, he was compelled to restrain his impatience and await a more reasonable hour. Could he go at nine? Scarcely. At ten? Yes, surely, as he could then leave by the 11 o'clock train. He sent his breakfast away untouched, and sat looking at his watch in a mad hurry for the time to pass, yet growing hot and uncomfortable as the hour drew near.

At a quarter to ten he put on his hat and left the hotel. Mr. Floyd was at home, the servant told him—upstairs in the little study, he thought. Talbot waited for no more. "You need not announce me," he said; "I know where to find your master."

The study was on the same floor as the drawing-room, and close against the drawing-door Talbot paused for a moment. The door was open; the room empty; no, not empty. Aurora Floyd was there, seated with her back towards him, and her head leaning on the cushions of her chair. He stopped for another moment to admire the back view of that small head with its crown of lustrous raven hair, then took a step or two in the direction of the banker's study; then stopped again, then turned back, went into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him.

She did not stir as he approached her, nor answer when he stammered her name. Her face was as white as the face of a dead woman, and her nerveless hands hung over the cushions of her armchair. A newspaper was lying at her feet. She had quietly swooned away sitting there by herself, with no one by to restore her to consciousness.

Talbot flung some flowers from a vase on the table, and dashed the water over Aurora's forehead; then wheeling her chair close to the open window, he set her with her face to the wind. In two or three moments she began to shiver violently, and soon afterwards opened her eyes, and looked at him; as she did so she put her hands to her head, as if trying to remember something. "Talbot!" she said, "Talbot!"

She called him by his Christian name, she who five-and-thirty hours before had coldly forbidden him to hope.

"Aurora," he cried, "Aurora, I thought I came here to wish your father good-bye; but I deceived myself. I came to ask you once more, and once for all, if your decision of the night before last was irrevocable."

"Heaven knows I thought it was when I uttered it."

"But it was not."

"Do you wish me to revoke it?"

"Do I wish? Do I—"

"Because if you really do, I will revoke it; for you are a brave and honorable man, Captain Bulstrode, and I love you very dearly."

Heaven knows into what rhapsodies he might have fallen, but she put up her hand, as much as to say, "Forbear to-day, if you love me," and hurried from the room. He had accepted the cup of *blang* which the syren had offered, and had drained the very dregs thereof, and was drunken. He dropped into the chair in which Aurora had sat, and, absent-minded in his joyful intoxication, picked up the newspaper that had lain at her feet. He shuddered in spite of himself as he looked at the title of the journal; it was *Bell's Life*. A dirty copy, crumpled and beer-stained, and emitting rank odors of inferior tobacco. It was directed to Miss Floyd, in such sprawling penmanship as might have disgraced the potboy of a sporting public house:

"Miss Floyd,
fell down wodes,
kent."

The newspaper had been redirected to Aurora by the housekeeper at Feld n. Talbot ran his eye eagerly over the front page; it was almost entirely filled with advertisements (and such advertisements!), but in one column there was an account headed, "Frightful Accident in Germany; an English Jockey killed."

Captain Bulstrode never knew why he read of this accident. It was in no way interesting to him, being an account of a steeplechase in Prussia, in which a heavy English rider and a crack French horse had been killed. There was a great deal of regret expressed for the loss of the horse, and none for the man who had ridden him, who, the reporter stated, was very little known in sporting circles; but in a paragraph lower down was added this information, evidently procured at the last moment: "The jockey's name was Conyers."

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

"RECAPTURING ONESELF."—The incidents of personal daring and romantic adventure developed in this war would fill a volume, nor is the fact remarkable when we regard the immense territory over which the conflict is spread. Although forming but one grand Republic each State has something peculiar in its traditions and habits—the impulsive Kentuckian and the fiery Tennesseean—all these act differently under the same circumstances, and yet all tending to the same result. Two incidents lately happened exemplifying our National presence of mind. The first is thus described by the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*: "On the 18th of April, Lieut. Edward K. Mull, of Capt. Washington Richards's company, 3d Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, while on duty near the Rappahannock River, was captured by a party of rebels, and carried off some distance, where a guard, armed with a shot gun, was put over him to prevent him from making his escape, while the party went to look for more game. As soon as the captors were out of sight, the Lieutenant pulled a revolver from his coat pocket, and holding it close to the head of his guard, politely informed him that he would be under the painful necessity of blowing his brains out if he did not instantly lay down his gun and go with him. The frightened rebel obeyed orders, and it was not long before the Lieutenant was back in his own camp, as good as new, accompanied by his prize. Lieut. Mull is a native of Berks County." The other, which our artist has illustrated, is still more extraordinary. We give his account *verbatim*. "Captain Frazer of the 1st Massachusetts Regiment, having been taken prisoner during the assault on the rebel works at Newbern, was being conveyed away under an armed guard of three rebel soldiers. Arriving at a favorable spot in the woods, he coolly remarked to the guard, pretending at the same time to draw a revolver from his side pocket: 'There must be some mistake about this—now come along with me, you are my prisoners.' Astonishing as this may sound, Capt. Frazer actually brought his three captors as prisoners into camp." We agree with our artist that such a triumph of daring deserves the compliment of an illustration.

THE SLAVES OF ALABAMA.—"The negroes," writes a correspondent with Mitchell's Decatur Expedition, "were gathered in masses all along the road. As the cars passed they bowed, they scraped, they grunted, they pulled off their hats, and in every way tried to secure a recognition from those whom they considered their friends. Occasionally a generous-hearted soldier would wave his hand or flourish his sword to them, and their child-like manifestations of delight literally knew no bounds. Whenever the train stopped the colored people would climb on board and beg to be taken along. One sad, earnest face peeped into the door of the car in which I was sitting, and its owner put up the usual petition. 'Get down,' said an officer on board; 'get down and go to your master; we cannot take you.' The slave shuddered at the word 'master.' 'Oh, for de good God's sake,' said he, 'let me go wid you and wait on you all!' There was a perceptible tremor in the officer's voice as he repeated his command to the negro, and I saw that a tear was stealing down the cheek of a rough dragoon who sat upon a seat just opposite to me."

A GUNNER'S STORY.—The following story is told by the correspondent of the *Chicago Times* with Foote's flotilla: "Among the deserters who have reached the flotilla is Samuel Sampson, formerly gunner's mate on board the Confederate gunboat General Polk. He has a hard story to relate, and I never listened to so painful a narrative as he told me on board the gunboat Benton, a day or two since. For three months the poor fellow was kept in irons and exposed to all the changes of weather by being bound to the deck of the General Polk. A rebel naval officer had preferred charges against him, specifying acts of mutiny, disobedience of orders, &c. Commodore Hollins convened a court-martial, but the court never sat, and Sampson has lain in chains a few nights ago, assisted by one of his fellow-marines, he cast the chains away and then jumped overboard and swam ashore. He reached the Arkansas side in safety, and the next morning hailed one of the transports, by which he was taken aboard the Benton, where he is now. If anything were needed to corroborate his narrative, it is a copy of the charges and specifications, and of the order calling a court-martial signed by Hollins's own autograph. Sampson was formerly a sailor on board a merchant vessel sailing out of New York. The commencement of the rebellion found him at New Orleans, and having no other resource he was compelled to enter the Confederate naval service."

A ROMANTIC STORY.—A correspondent writing from the Yorktown peninsula tells the following: "While coming home from a scout this forenoon we called at a house and found a couple of ladies, quite young, and one as handsome as a Hebe. They were seers in the 'backbone,' and had each a 'lover' in

the rebel army; one of them was at Yorktown, and only left the day before to pick his way back along the York river, and carry such information as he had gotten from us. The young lady showed us his photograph, a good-looking lieutenant, and hoped we should meet him face to face, that he might leave us for dead. 'Oh,' said she, 'if all the Yankees were one man and I had a sword here, I should like to cut his throat!'

"And she said it with a vim, too. We told her we would take good care of young Lieut. White, and see that Miss Florill had an opportunity to change her name after the battle was over, hoping for an invitation to the wedding, and as she had called me the 'Divine,' chaplain of the regiment, I proposed to marry them."

"Never," said she; 'I hope he will come home dead before you shall take Yorktown. I would wade in blood up to my knees to bury his body!'

"She spoke of poison in a glass of water we drank, but I replied that 'one look of her angel face, one smile from her lovely features would be an antidote to the rankest poison.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and to your hatred of the South, too.'"

"The flirtation nearly made her in favor of Union and us the more so. But we had not gone far when we observed a company of soldiers approaching, who brought with them the 'lover' a corpse upon a litter, returning to his sweetheart. He had been shot while trying to avoid the quick eye of our sharpshooters, near a house upon the York river shore, where his father had resided, and where a negro informed the soldier that his mother and sister were at the house where we had been in conversation with the ladies, one of whom was his sister, and our soldiers had, after receiving orders, carried him to be buried. We did not mar the sorrow of the relatives by stopping to witness the reception of the body."

A YANKEE TRICK.—The following letter, in the *Marblehead (Mass.) Ledger*, tells how cleverly a "secoch" vessel was captured by the U. S. gunbrig Bohio:

U. S. BRIG BOHIO,

Sunday, March 9, 1862.

Dear Parents—The Bohio has been at work again. Yesterday, at 6 A. M., we sighted a schooner in the horizon, hoisted the Spanish ensign, and she did the same, but as soon as we ran up the Stars and Stripes, she hauled to the wind and tried to escape; we put on sail after sail, till we had 21 sail set! but the schooner was a smart sailor, and we did not get on her. She fired three guns and fired two shots at her, but she did not mind it. The captain ordered the sails to be wet down, and they were drenched, and we began to come up with her. At last we resorted to strategy, and rigged a smokestack amidships, and built a fire, and soon had "steam on." As soon as she saw this she hove to, thinking we were a steamer and would soon catch her. We boarded her, and found her to be the Henry Travers, of Nassau, N. P., and on the same errand as the other prize, viz., to run the blockade. She had a cargo of coffee and soap, and her papers show her to be worth \$50,000. We are now on the way to the S. W. Pass with her; she had been boarded before by the Kingfisher and allowed to go. We had a chase of eight hours, capturing her at two P. M.

A SWIM FOR IT!—Col. Halliday, the "Governor of the Rip-Raps," is one of the most gallant officers in the service. As a proof of it I record the following incident which transpired a few nights since. The Colonel, experiencing a desire to investigate affairs in Rebeldom, selected six men to accompany him, and under the darkness of the night pushed off from the Rip-Raps and steered towards the disloyal portion of Virginia opposite to the rugged Isle over which he exercises command. Landing upon the rebel sands he made a thorough exploration, and having accidentally become separated from his men, was about returning, when, to his horror, upon reaching the beach, he found that the men in charge of the boat, under the impression that the party had been taken prisoners, had pushed off and returned to Fort Wool. Col. Halliday, partially disrobing himself, jumped into the water and swam back to the Rip-Raps, between one and two miles distant. His men, it is apprehended, were taken prisoners. The feat is almost unprecedented, and we doubt if even the Colonel will relish a repetition.—*Cor. Phil. Inquirer.*

A GENERAL IN DANGER.—DARING ACT.—A letter in the *Herald*, dated on the Peninsula, near Warwick C. H., Va., April 11th, recounts the following: "Our General finds that the position of the enemy at this place is one of great strength. Still he presses his preparations for a vigorous assault with great activity, and is himself the soul of all. On Saturday he was 12 hours in the saddle, and yesterday seven, having in that time examined personally every position along his whole front. During the skirmish a few days since a shell from the enemy's two-gun battery on our front fell into an ammunition chest, and exploded all the gun cartridges, &c., in it. The General and his staff were at this moment within 15 feet of the chest. A terrific explosion occurred, and the General's horse was killed. But a circumstance occurred almost immediately which, if they saw and understood it, must have dashed their inclination to cheer. When the shell and general ammunition exploded there were a number of our shells in the chest. In the blaze of the fuses of these shells became fired, and there was danger of a much greater explosion, when two men—Martin Roberts and David L. Smith, of Capt. Wheeler's battery—rushed up and threw a bucket of water into the chest, which extinguished every fuse."

REBEL AMUSEMENTS.—The rebels at Yorktown sometimes amuse themselves by hoisting hats and caps on poles, but in nearly every instance they had occasion to congratulate themselves that their heads were not in them. Once they put up a dog for a mark, but the animal quickly dropped. The marksmanship of the Rhode Island batteries is also talked of and admired as one of the wonders of the day. Wherever a rebel picket has been within one yard of the enemy's works, a circumstance occurred almost immediately which, if they saw and understood it, must have dashed their inclination to cheer. When the shell and general ammunition exploded there were a number of our shells in the chest. In the blaze of the fuses of these shells became fired, and there was danger of a much greater explosion, when two men—Martin Roberts and David L. Smith, of Capt. Wheeler's battery—rushed up and threw a bucket of water into the chest, which extinguished every fuse."

SHOOTING A DARING FOE.—The Yorktown correspondent of the *Evening Post*, under date of April 28th, relates the following incident: "A little incident happened to-day worth relating. Ever since our pickets have been within one yard of the enemy's works, a rebel seven-footer has shown himself tauntingly at a safe distance from our guns, evidently braving the fire of our sharpshooters. All the pieces had been repeatedly levelled upon him, but without effect. To-day he came outside as usual, waving his hat, when two balls went whizzing toward him, but fell short. The rebel continued his observations. Meanwhile a messenger was dispatched for a certain telescopic target rifle known to be in the hands of a sharpshooter, and Col. Berdan and one of his officers, accompanied by two of his men, walked out to see the result as one would go to a bear hunt. Arrived at the point designated, the seven-footer was still there, when the owner of the rifle drew up at arm's length, and the moment the muzzle fell so as to cover his heart the hair-trigger was touched and the taunting foe fell without a struggle. A skirmish ensued, our sharpshooter trying to prevent the rebels from recovering the body, and it was finally left outside until nightfall."

A LADY COMMISSIONED AS A MAJOR.—The *Peoria Transcript* says that Gov. Yates has paid a rather unusual but well-merited compliment to Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Lieut. Reynolds, of Company A, 17th Illinois, and a resident of that city. Mrs. Reynolds has accompanied her husband through the greater part of the campaign through which the 17th has passed, sharing with him the dangers and privations of a soldier's life. She was present at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and like a ministering angel attended to the wants of as many of the wounded as she could, thus winning the gratitude and esteem of the brave fellows by whom she was surrounded. Gov. Yates, hearing of her heroic and praiseworthy conduct, presented her with a commission as Major in the army, the document conferring the well-merited honor being made out with all due formality, and having attached the great seal of the State. Probably no lady in America will ever again have such a distinguished military honor conferred upon her. Mrs. Reynolds is now in Peoria, and leaves to join her regiment in a day or two.

HOW COL. GUILD WAS ARRESTED.—Col. Myers, formerly of California, has been appointed Sheriff of Nashville and its vicinity, and has lately been ordered to arrest certain offensive characters—among others a certain Col. Joe Guild. This person was elected Judge of the Chancery District, which embraces Sumner county, after this State was forced into rebellion. He is a lawyer of some ability, and was a bilious locofoco politician. In the work of treason, no one commenced earlier or ran faster.

When Col. Myers went in search of "Old Bally," he took a walk around Gallatin in his usual quiet way, and asked some one he met where Col. Guild lived. "Judge Guild? Yonder he goes now," said the citizen, "on that pony." Quickening his pace, the Sheriff soon caught up, and approaching him, inquired if that was Col. Guild.

"Guild is my name, sir; what will you have?"

"I have visited Gallatin for the purpose of arresting you."

"Arrest me!" said Guild, with well-feigned astonishment. "I have done nothing worse than thousands have done in the county of Sumner."

"That may all be very true, Colonel Guild; but we are determined that those who took front seats at this little show shall keep them throughout."

Col. Guild desired to see his residence before setting off for Nashville, but our Sheriff was in a hurry. "But the Court is in session," said Guild; "surely you will allow me to sign the records?" "Yes, you can sign them. Send for them, and sign them at the Provost Marshal's office."

The Judge sent for the records and for his family. When these came, a number of citizens came as a committee of condolence. Judge Guild's female relatives were demonstrative. Mrs. G. wished she just had the power; she would drive the Yankee Hessians out of the country very quick.

"Yes," said the officer, "but we have the power, and intend to drive the enemies of the country in."

"Very well," said the lady; "you need not think you can force our people into the Union."

"We intend to force the soil in, anyhow," said Col. Myers, "and if the people can't afford to come in, they would better get off."

NEAT TRICK OF THE SHARPshooters.—A few days since the "Berdans" changed their habilitments. They went out, as usual, next day, and got so close up to the rebel lines that they could hear them talk. One said, "I don't see any sharpshooters to-day." His comrade thereupon got up to look, and, as if assured of their absence, was less careful than usual about his person, when crack went a rifle, and the carcass of another traitor tumbled across a gun-carriage, bereft of the breath of life. His companion thereupon peered over the parapet and sung out, "There, that'll do, d—n you—we know you are! What have you done with your gray coats and caps?" The "Berdans" never reply, save with the sharp crack and whistling bullet of their five-shooters.

THE HEROINE OF NEWBERNE.—The *New York Commercial Advertiser* says: "Mrs. Brownell, wife of Orderly-Sergeant R. S. Brownell, of the 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, accompanied her husband, who was severely wounded at Newbern, to this city, in the *Cossack*, and is now at the hospital of the Soldiers' Relief Association, at 194 Broadway, attending to the wants of her husband, and assisting in nursing the soldiers who still remain at that place. Mrs. Brownell was with the 3d Rhode Island regiment at the battle of Bull Run, having been adopted as the 'child of the regiment' by Gen. Burnside, then Colonel. She was on the field at the battle of Roanoke Island, in spite of the many efforts to keep her out of the way of danger. At the battle of Newbern she exhibited that presence of mind and bravery which proved her a woman of the most heroic character. She was on the field during the whole of the engagement, attending to the wounded, and giving encouragement by her fortitude and presence to the soldiers. When the standard-bearer of the 6th regiment fell, she seized the banner, and carrying it across the field, received a flesh-wound. She has brought with her a Secession rifle, which she found after the battle, and which she considers a prize of no little value. The ladies of the hospital are much interested in the brave 'child of the regiment,' and bestow upon her all the kindness which she merits."

THE DREAM OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE MERRIMAC.

THE *Paris Charivari* has the following piece of fun against the rebels. The expectations attributed to the Captain of the Merrimac were, about a year ago, very confidently entertained by all the chiefs of the rebels:

I. "The Captain of the Merrimac is walking up and down the deck of his vessel just after the engagement with the Federals:

"Well," says he, "things have not gone so badly. I am quite satisfied with the effects I have produced with my vessel; indeed, I am delighted. In less than five minutes the Merrimac has sunk a host of vessels. D—n me if I am not quite proud!"

(Calls the Mate)—"Black!"

"Yes, yer honor."

"You, who have been on land, must know the effect produced by my ship."

"Oh! wonderful, Captain. The Federals are furious."

"Ah! but what do foreigners say?"

"They are quite stupefied. All the papers talk of nothing else but the Merrimac."

"And what does England say to it?"

"The English are in indescribable alarm."

(The Captain put his hands to his head)—"Black, an idea has just come into my head."

"What is it, sir?"

"I will take advantage of the state nations are in to conquer the world."

"Do you mean it, sir?"

"Call up the crew."

No sooner is the order given than the deck is covered by three hundred sailors.

"You are all discharged," says the Captain; "I shall only keep a dozen gunners with me."

"What?" says the Mate, "you mean to conquer the whole world, and only keep a dozen gunners?"

"Yes; just so. All these men would only bother me in making the tour of the world, and they would eat so much. My dear Mate, I give you the command of my dozen gunners, and let's begin our conquest at once."

II. After having discharged the crew, the Captain sails for China. As soon as the news of the arrival of the Merrimac is brought to the Emperor of the Celestial Empire, he is taken with a fit of trembling, for he knows the Merrimac by reputation.

"A thousand birds' nests!" cries the Brother of the Sun and Moon; "if the Merrimac is come our goose is cooked."

(Turns to his Ministers)—"Tell the Captain of the vessel that I am willing to pay him whatever he may ask."

The Captain demands a hundred millions, and the Emperor loses no time in paying it him.

III. The conquest of Asia, Africa and Oceania is an easy job for the Merrimac.

After numerous and easy victories the invincible vessel comes to Europe, which is the most difficult job; but the Captain doubts not that he will succeed in Europe as he has succeeded in all other parts of the world.

The first country he attacks is Russia.

On the news of the arrival of the Merrimac, the Czar launches a whole fleet on the Baltic.

The Merrimac meets the vessels in the open sea, and they surround her.

The battle commences.

In five minutes two thousand cannon belch forth fire, and two thousand balls crash on the Merrimac.

A quarter of an hour after there is but one vessel to be seen on the water, and this vessel is the Merrimac, which tranquilly pursues her way towards England.

IV. The American vessel, after this great success, had no objection to vex pale Albion a bit, who boasted so much about her numerous and invincible fleet.

The Captain sends his Second Mate with a flag of truce.

"Will you yield?" says he to John Bull.

"Yield?"—cries John Bull, amazed—"Are you out of your mind?"

"No; but I command those twelve gunners in that vessel, and if you don't give in you will be beaten in five minutes."

John Bull shrugs his shoulders, and is not a little uneasy. He gets upon a lighthouse, and from that point has a fine view of the complete destruction of his fleet.

V. The American vessel becomes the King of the Seas.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

As our armies steadily move forward, "Traitors to the South" make their appearance on every hand. We learn from the *New Orleans Bee* of the 26th ult., that "one night last week some of the rebels who are in such large numbers in the Crescent City, attempted to set on fire the large vessel now building for our Government at Jefferson City." Five prominent citizens of Orange Court-House have been taken to Richmond for disloyalty, where John Bots and numerous other Union men are still confined. The Knoxville *Register* estimates that not less than 5,000 "Yankee sympathizers" have recently joined the Union army from East Tennessee.

In the rebel Congress, before its adjournment, the Committee appointed to investigate the "Roanoke Island disaster," made a report which concludes by saying that "whatever blame or responsibility is justly attributable to any one for the defeat of our troops at Roanoke Island, on the 8th of February last, should attach to Major-General Huger and Mr. Benjamin, the late Secretary of War."

"Your infernal cowardly army are continually 'backing, backing, and backing down,' until, by damn, I believe you will not stop short of the territory line, and there you will capitulate. I never know where to write to. I reckon Richmond is the safest place and surest direction for all letters now. When will your brigade reach Richmond? But in earnest, where does the army of Manassas expect to take a final stand? I firmly believe Virginia and Tennessee are to be given up without one shot at defence. Judge, I am disgusted with our nabby-pamby Government—eternally retreating and acting on the defensive, like one man holding up his arms whilst another cowhides him right and left."

THE editor of the *Richmond Dispatch* has seen counterfeit pieces of the Rebel Treasury Notes, which he terms the latest and greatest pieces of Yankee scoundrelism, and an infernal means to discredit the currency of the Southern Confederacy. "It consists," says the *Dispatch*, "in well executed counterfeits of our five dollar Confederate notes, struck off in Philadelphia, where the newsboys are selling them at five cents apiece. This note is well calculated to deceive, and in nearly every particular is a facsimile of the original. We caution persons receiving this money to be exceedingly careful, as there is no means of knowing to what extent they have been circulated."

A NEW denomination of currency is proposed in the South on the ground that the people thereof are "a separate and distinct people, influenced by different interests and sentiments from the vandals of the North." The Charleston *Mercury* adds: "The basis of integral limit of value proposed for our currency is the star—which is to be divided into 100 equal parts, each part to be called a centime, namely:

10 Centimes—1 Tropic.

10 Tropic—1 Star.

10 Stars—1 Sol.



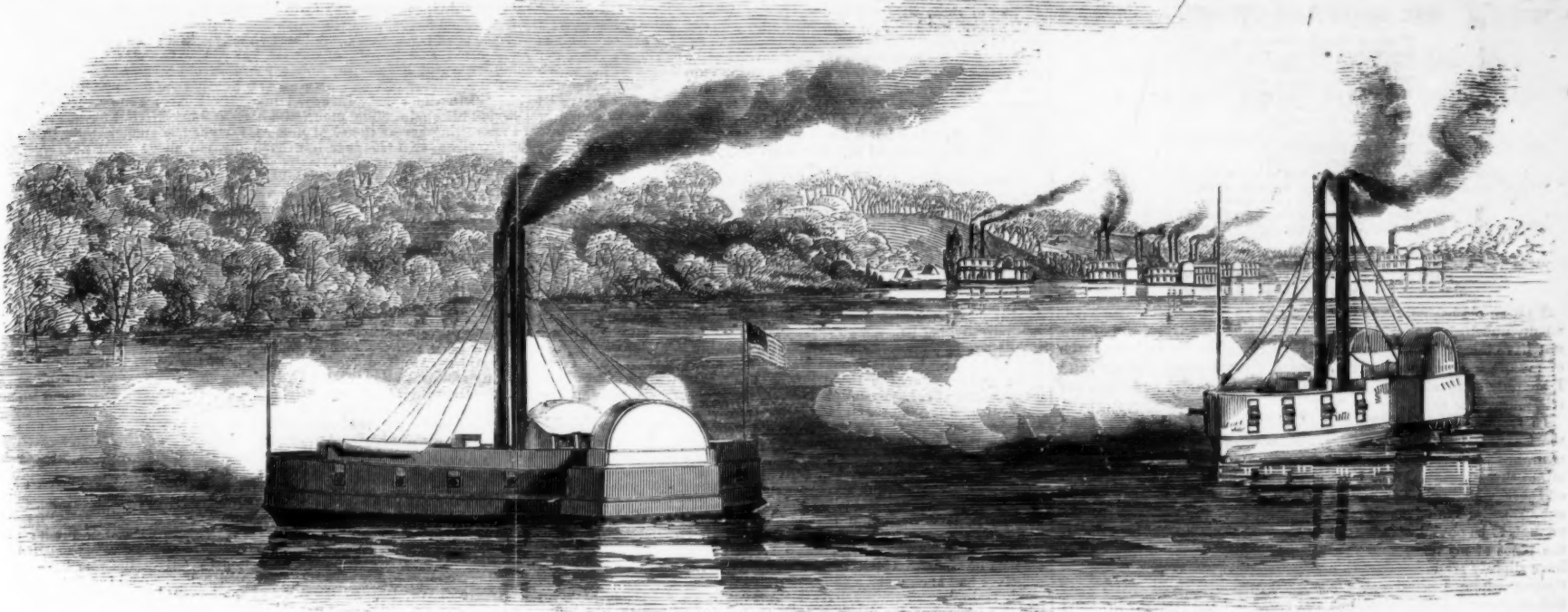
Capt. Mann's Light Artillery of Ohio.

3rd Illinois.

Peach Orchard.

28th Ky. 14th Ky. 44th Ind. Capt. Walker's Battery

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING THE ENGAGEMENT ON THE LEFT WING, GEN. HURLBUT'S DIVISION, SUNDAY, APRIL 6. CHARGE AND REFUSE OF THE REBELS AT THE PEACH ORCHARD.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—THE GUNBOAT TAYLOR AND LEXINGTON SHELLING THE WOODS BACK OF THE LANDING, IN SUPPORT OF THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.

"CATCHING A HARE."

An Incident of the Pittsburg Battle.

COL. A. K. JOHNSON, of the 28th Illinois, has, during the present war, shared in the dangers of many a bold and daring adventure. Cool and collected in action, and quick in thought, self-reliant and possessing the confidence of the whole division, he presents a good record for the men he leads. On the last day of the action at Pittsburg Landing, and while the rebels were flying in confusion from their works, three of the officers in their flight passed very near the place where Col. Johnson was stationed. The Colonel instantly started in pursuit. Coming within pistol range, he fired at the nearest of his flying foes; this brought the rebel officer down on his horse's neck. Col. Johnson believing this to be a feint to avoid a second shot, determined to drag him from his saddle by main force. Riding up to his side for this purpose, he seized him by the hair of his head, but to his astonishment and disgust, he only brought off the rebel Major's wig. Instantly recovering his headway, he again started for the delinquent, but his pistol had done its work, and before the Colonel reached him his lifeless body had fallen from the saddle. The two remaining rebel officers made good their escape. Later in the day Col. Johnson had his horse nearly cut in two by a cannon ball, which struck the animal just back of the saddle.

SOMETHING ABOUT JEWELS.—The Duke of Brunswick, a familiar personage on the Boulevards and in the cafés of Paris, is celebrated for two things only—his ambition to appear young, to which end he rouges and powders himself with all the care and skill of a maiden of 60, and his passion for diamonds, of which he is reported to have

\$3,000,000 worth, and of which he has just published a catalogue. It numbers not less than 268 quarto pages, and gives, with great detail, a list of his diamonds. It relates how this one adorned a Turkish sabre, that a royal diadem, another an imperial collar, a fourth a grand electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye, that brilliant rosy diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber, at Agra—it weighs 81 carats, and is worth \$80,000—those were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro, this diamond ring with the Stuart coat of arms and the cypher M. S., belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings

by a high wall, the wall itself is surmounted by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches one of them a chime of bells begins instantly to ring an alarm; this iron railing cost him \$14,127. He keeps his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing or at least waking him. The safe is lined with granite and with iron; if it is opened by violence a discharge of firearms which will inevitably kill the burglar takes place, and at the same time a chime of bells in every

room; the sash is of the stoutest iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combination of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barreled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies upon a table within reach of his bed.

APPROPOS OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, a late writer gives the value of some of the ornaments worn by the ladies of Ancient Rome. Thus Faustina's finger-ring was worth \$200,000; Domitia's ring, \$300,000; Cæsonia's bracelet, \$400,000; Poppæa's ear-rings, \$600,000; Calpurnia's (Cæsar's wife) ear-rings, "above auspicion," \$1,200,000; Labina's diadem, \$1,200,000.

CAPTURING A GUN.—There is an old fellow in Berdan's Sharpshooters, near Yorktown, known as "old Seth." He is quite a character, and is a crack shot—one of the best in the regiment. His "instrument," as he terms it, is one of the heaviest telescopic rifles. The other night at roll call, "old Seth" was non est. This was somewhat unusual, as the old chap was always up to time. A sergeant went out to hunt him up, he being somewhat fearful that the old man had been hit. After perambulating around in the advance of the picket line he heard a low "halloo." "Who's there?" inquired the sergeant. "It's me," responded Seth, "and I've captured a secesh gun." "Bring it in," said the sergeant. "Can't do it," exclaimed Seth. It soon became apparent to the sergeant that "old Seth" had the exact range of one of the enemy's heaviest guns, and they could not load it for fear of being picked off by him. Again the old man shouted, "Fetch me a couple of haversacks full of grub, as this is my gun, and the cursed varmints shan't fire it again while I am here." This was done, and the old patriot has kept good watch over that gun. In fact it is a "captured gun."

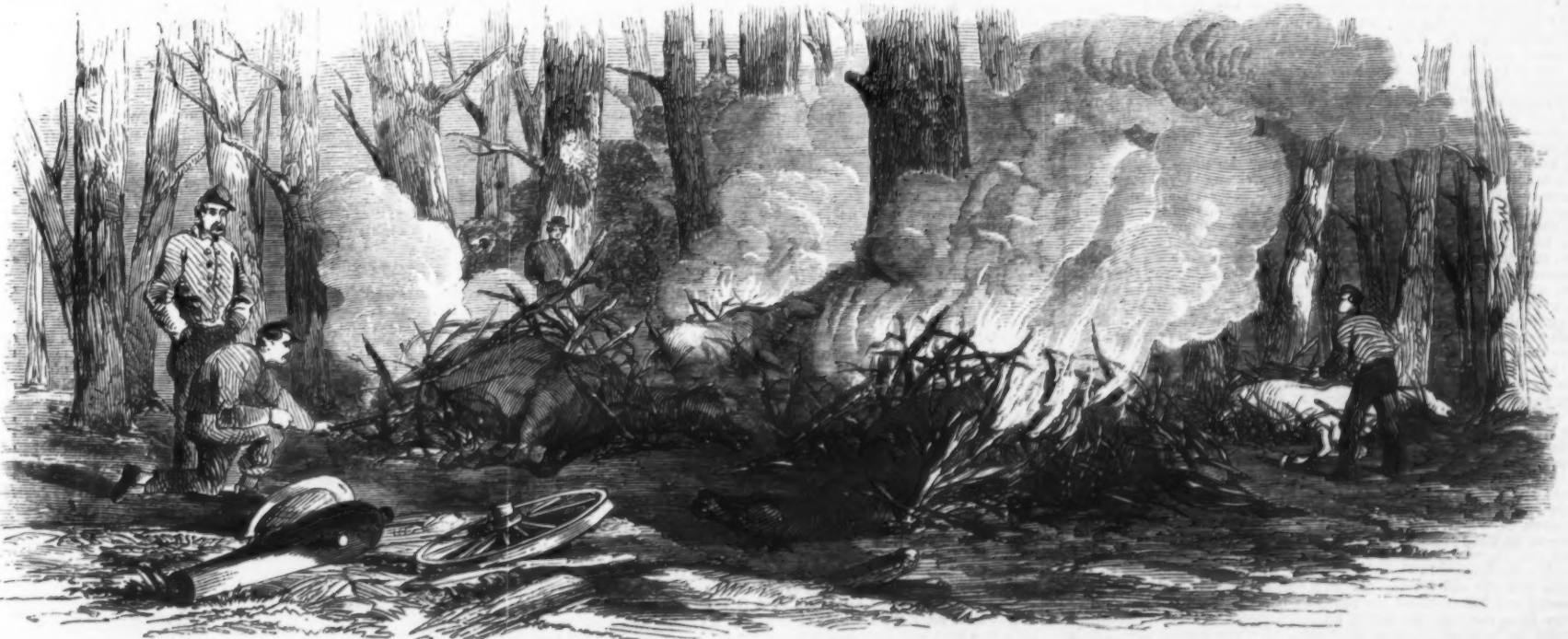
THE LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT relates that an old darkey, while enjoying the privileges accorded to him by these happy times, was heard to exclaim: "Bress de Lord, hallelujah! dat dis old nigger should lib to see dis here happy time, when white men must hab a pass to move about, and nigger go where him please without one. Bress de Lord."



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—COL. JOHNSON ENDEAVORING TO CAPTURE A REBEL OFFICER, BUT GETS ONLY A WIG.

hung once on Marie Antoinette. He has plenty of diamonds worth \$20,000, \$30,000 and \$45,000; two worth \$60,000 each, one \$70,000 and \$80,000. He is in treaty for two diamonds, one of which is worth \$232,000, and the other \$650,000.

The Duke of Brunswick dares not leave Paris at any period of the year; his diamonds keep him chained there. He dares not sleep from home a single night. Then he lives in a house constructed not so much for comfort as security. It is burglar-proof, surrounded on every side



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—CLEARING THE BATTLE FIELD—BURNING THE DEAD HORSES NEAR THE PEACH ORCHARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

FLAG of the fearless free,
Sacred to Liberty;
In faith unfurled;
Pure field of snowy white,
Red with the blood of right,
Azure with stars of light,
Hope of the world.

Emblem of purity,
Refuge from tyranny,
Wave in thy might;
Stout hearts will fight for thee,
Pure hearts will pray for thee,
True hearts will bleed for thee,
Herald of right.

THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I AM an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darksome web of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new springtime comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as now, a gray-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and, above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who begin the world. Talglyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-beaten masonry look old enough to be coeval with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The hall—the name of which I have slightly altered—was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. I was his friend and guest; indeed we were distant relatives, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid. I often fancy that she stands beside me as I sit in my elbowchair, brooding over the past, over the golden sands that ran out so early, and in a strain of faintly audible music, or in the sigh of the summer wind, I fondly dream that I hear the voice of Ellen. Forgive me, reader! I will wander from the point no more, but briefly tell how I won and lost her.

Rambling through Wales during the summer of the preceding year, sketching and fishing and seeking all the benefit which the pure air and exercise could confer on a constitution somewhat impaired by study and hard work at the Bar, a singular whim possessed me. This was no other than to seek out some remote connections of my mother's, who were known to dwell peaceably on their hereditary acres somewhere in the Principality, but between whom and my immediate relatives no intercourse had taken place for at least a generation. I was shut up by stress of rain in a wretched little inn at Trysailloes, unable to climb mountains, fish or take sketches, when a letter arrived from the sister to whom I had written for information. At the point where the four closely written pages—for postage was, in those times, a costly item—were traversed by what feminine correspondents called "crossings," I found the following sentence:

"The name of the family you ask about is Griffith, people with a long pedigree, of course, being Welsh, and I believe with a grand old house and a good property. They live at Talglyn Hall, at the foot of Cader Idris, so if you go that way you can look them up. It was the father of the present squire who quarrelled with grandpapa, fifty years ago, and mamma says he behaved most shamefully, but she has forgotten in what manner. They are, you know, our second-cousins," &c.

On such slight events, to all appearance, do our fortunes depend, that this trivial letter may be truly said to have colored my whole future life. I have often tried to speculate on what that life might have been had my sister delayed writing but a single day more, in which case I should have been gone from the neighborhood before the arrival of her letter. However, the letter came; the information it gave reached me at a critical moment, just as I was about to start with posthorses for a more civilized place. It so happened, too, that I was within a few miles of Cader Idris. I could see the blue peak of the steep mountain, looming gigantic through the rain, even from the little window of the inn parlor in which I had been for three days a prisoner. Talglyn Hall must, therefore, be of easy access. I countermanded the postchaise; I wrote a note, couched in that diplomatic style on which young men plume themselves, and I sent it by a messenger to "Squire Griffith's." Before the long summer day was spent Mr. Griffith answered the note in person. I found him a capital specimen of the Welsh gentleman—spirited, hospitable, and rather choleric and imperious. But the brighter side of his character was the one most prominent, and that it was which was presented to me. He greeted me with a frank manliness that put my diplomacy to the rout, and insisted on bearing me off straightway to the hall. I was his cousin, he said, and quite a near relation in a Cambrian point of view, and I must be his guest, in spite of the silly misunderstanding of half a century back. No, no; blood was thicker than water, and he should feel himself insulted if any kinsman came within ten miles of his roof-tree without harboring there. Thus it occurred that I became a visitor at Talglyn Hall.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their youngest sister, then scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong love, over which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of broken words eked out by glances, and all the petulant changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had plighted me her simple troth. I went honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hoodwinking the world, and even the most guileless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not averse to receiving me as a son-in-law, was not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and kind, and wise. For a year Ellen and I separated. I was to work heartily at the Bar, as before; the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual retired mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her fate in it. And, if all went well, and we young people continued of the same opinion after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment; how certain that our sentiments would be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may ask their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the Bar, where I already possessed a certain footing—more due, I dare say, to circumstance than merit—but I won the consent and approbation of all my relatives to the match. I was not dependent on them or on my profession for support, but Squire Griffith was a great stickler for such matters, and he was not easy until I had induced my mother to write him a letter solemnly abjuring the feud between their parents—the reason of which had been, I believe, a dispute at long whist—and consenting formally to the marriage. And now the weary waiting was over, the year was out, and I was at Talglyn Hall again to claim my bride. All went smilingly with us. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been courted and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the squire admitted that never had a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people: they welcomed me cordially among them; they were willing to hail me as a brother, though they did grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the light of their home, the

darling of them all, for Ellen was both. She had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower, and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. I was surprised to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridesmaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talglyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny sea and white-sailed pleasure-barks gaily gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreck and storm. Ellen had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty waywardness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into peevishness, never became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a half playful defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But there were times when Ellen's petulant caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle, and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the trunk of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract, slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the ragged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her daredevil young brothers, ventured so close to the most dangerous precipice as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in face of peril; it was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the little lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and none of her relatives had such a store of these weird tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have but too much reason to remember, which has burnt into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh proverb, so old, that it is by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair of Cader Idris will be found mad, dead or a poet." Tradition relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of prophecy.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the cairn is, just above the cliff? It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dotterils. Beg your pardon, Ellen!"

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and wilful heiress, called by her vassals the Lady of Cader Idris, had resolved to undergo this terrible trial in the hopes of becoming imbued with the spirit of poetry. How, being a lady of rare courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her tenants, and the authority of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a world-long watch over buried treasure, and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the terrors of the visible and the viewless. Finally, how she had been found in the morning, stark and dead, seated in the rocky throne on blue Idris, with her long dark hair floating over the stones as she sat in an attitude that mocked life, and with an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of her rebellion against the priest's commands, the pitiless church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid, in silence and stealth, by the hands of sorrowing kinsmen, under a cairn of loose pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen went to her harp, and sang us first the wild Welsh ditty that some bard had composed in elder days, and then the polished verses which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last notes of the harp and the sweet voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to question its authenticity and to challenge its probability. I remember we all took part, in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Our wish was, no doubt, to tease, harmlessly, the darling and spoiled child of the household, and also, perhaps, to atone to ourselves for having been for a time more completely under the spell of romance than we cared to acknowledge. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone downhill. It starts gently, sliding down grassy banks and springing daintily from mound to mound, then leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Our controversy grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had told us one of her favorite tales, one which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that triper years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and over-strained, and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

To this I replied, with provoking gravity, "That I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort." Finally, I declared the "Lady of Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, all but the squire, who was sleepy, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming,

"I will show you that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I."

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and untroubled. She joined in the conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the prospects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late picnic to some celebrated point of view, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She sat down, when asked, to harp or piano, but she played but a few bars and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said, in a low tone,

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the artificial flies Herbert was tying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good-night," as usual. She took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection and an undercurrent of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that glance, the last that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my home from youth till age. And her lips murmured the old trivial phrase, "Good-night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was gone. One moment I stood irresolute. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed, but the squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike fishing, and the opportunity was lost—for ever. What might not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition? It might have altered the whole current of an existence.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a quaint room in one of the wings, close to the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate the alarm bell hung. I slowly undressed, often drawing aside

the curtains, often peering forth through the Elizabethan casement of diamond panes, many of which were darkened by the heavy growth of the rank ivy without. All was ghostly still in the garden below, where the stiff hedges of clipped holly, the terraces fringed with box-trees and hornbeam, and the broad, old-fashioned walks were white with moonshine. An owl was hooting in the wood, and the mastiff in the courtyard bayed mournfully from time to time and rattled his chain. The moon was high and bright, but black clouds were sailing across the sky; and as I looked a sudden glow lit up the horizon, as a trapdoor had been opened above some fiery gulf, then vanished as quickly.

"There will be a storm to-night," I muttered, as I turned from the window for the last time. I was very ill-satisfied with myself, and, as often happens, I perversely chose to justify my own conduct by blaming poor Ellen. "She had no right to be so positive and so petulant," I said to myself. It augured ill for our future happiness that she should resent idle words so deeply. But in the morning I would speak to her, reason with her—in the morning? We are blind, blind!

My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the very letter. A storm there was. I was awakened by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of Heaven was full of the giant sound, and the strong stone mansion rocked like a living creature in fear. The blaze of the lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with an incessant lurid red, and between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the hurrying of the hail and rain. An awful night. A night for shipwreck and ruin, and death of travellers on lowly moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples that had mocked at the gales of centuries. A grim wild night. Presently the thunder died away, all but a sullen growl afar off, and the flashes ceased, and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, and a strange dream I had. I dreamt of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terrace of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No. It had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghastly sight of things unspeakable, while its fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then the thunder belled over head, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming diadem, blazing, red and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solit-ry form, alone amid the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind swept the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and dismal pageants trooped by amid the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one last glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face—the face of a young girl—of Ellen! but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heatdrops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth.

The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I woke in the golden, brilliant morning. The sky was blue, the birds were singing gaily, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and fairer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for the wilful conduct of the preceding evening, but would be very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The squire was there with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time, Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the lazy one," said her father. "Owen, send up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say that the maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all.

"She must be ill!" cried Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily leaving the room.

Soon she, too, came back, to say that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out," said Herbert. "The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads right on to the terrace by the greenhouse, and then there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense!" said the squire, knitting his brows. "That door has been locked these fifty years, and the key lost, too. I'll go myself. I'm afraid she is ill."

We all went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing-place.

"I am afraid, sir," said the lady's maid, half crying, "something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something painful shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door, the squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply.

Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless—empty.

"She has gone out, after all!" cried Herbert, running to the old oratory and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible! Yet on tracking farther we found on the terrace a bow of riband, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by its owner, and all recognized it as Ellen's—in the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be mad, my poor, dear child," groaned the squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way."

Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night—the strange resolve latent in Ellen's face as she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is!" I cried aloud. "I know it but too well. She is on the mountain, on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accused cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the squire. "Cader Idris, how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She is there!" cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist; "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I, fool that I was, have slept while she was perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's dear love be quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were hurrying to the foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the slippery shale and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and watercourse, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, a few feet of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realized. There, in the rock-hewn chair, in her muslin dress and mantle of gray plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead. Her long fair hair half hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly clasped together. I clasped her to my breast; I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and on it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen. And I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her, for ever. Since that day the world has been a prison to me.

BEAUREGARD calls the recent battle-field "Shiloh." We presume that his Secretary of State, Judah P. Benjamin, will abdicate now, for the prophecy of the patriarch Jacob was that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come."

GEN. MAGRUDER has two Col. Wallaces in his army at Yorktown, one of whom, like the General himself, is an inveterate whiskey-drinker. They ought to call him Corn-Wallace.

I. O. O. F.

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